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THE

MISCELLANEOUS DOCUMENTS

OF THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

FOR THE

SECOND SESSION OF THE FORTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS.

1884-'85.

IN SEVENTEEN VOLUMES.

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WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1885.

HON. W. A. DUNCAN.

48TH CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MIS. DOC. No. 27.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

WILLIAM A. DUNCAN

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM PENNSYLVANIA),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FORTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1885.

D.6.12.87

JOINT RESOLUTION for the printing of certain eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late William A. Duncan.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late William A. Duncan, a Representative in the Forty-eighth Congress from the State of Pennsylvania, twelve thousand five hundred copies, of which three thousand shall be for the use of the Senate and nine thousand five hundred for the use of the House of Representatives. And the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed a portrait of the said William A. Duncan to accompany said eulogies; and for the purpose of engraving or printing said portrait the sum of five hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated, out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved, February 12th, 1885.

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF WILLIAM A. DUNCAN.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

December 1, 1884.

Mr. ERMENTROUT. Mr. Speaker, on me has devolved the sad duty of announcing to the House of Representatives the death of our late lamented colleague, WILLIAM A. DUNCAN, recently representing the nineteenth district of the State of Pennsylvania, composed of the counties of Adams, York, and Cumberland, which occurred at Gettysburg on the 14th of November last.

It is not my purpose now to make any remarks commemorative of the qualities and character of the deceased. Upon some future occasion that will be my sad duty. But on behalf of our delegation and of the constituents whom he represented I offer the following resolutions, and ask their adoption by the House.

The SPEAKER. The resolutions submitted by the gentleman from Pennsylvania will be read.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with sincere regret the announcement of the death of WILLIAM A. DUNCAN, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolution to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

The question being taken on the resolutions, they were unanimously adopted; and accordingly the House adjourned.

DECEMBER 17, 1884.

Mr. ERMENTROUT, by unanimous consent, submitted the following resolution; which was read, considered, and adopted:

Resolved, That Monday, January 26, 1885, at 2.30 p. m., be fixed as the time for paying appropriate honor to the memory of the late Hon. W. A. DUNCAN, late a Representative from the St te of Pennsylvania.

JANUARY 26, 1885.

The SPEAKER. The hour of half past two o'clock having arrived, the Chair will bring to the attention of the House the special order assigned for this time.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That Monday, January 26, 1885, at 2.30 p. m., be fixed as the time for paying appropriate honor to the memory of the late Hon. W. A. DUNCAN, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Mr. ERMENTROUT. I submit the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That this House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. W. A. DUNCAN, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the House shall, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Address of Mr. ERMENTROUT, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. SPEAKER: Hon. WILLIAM A. DUNCAN, the subject of these funeral rites, was born in Franklin Township, Adams County, Pennsylvania, February 2, 1836. He died at Gettysburg, in his native county, November 14, 1884, in his forty-ninth year. His paternal ancestors originally went from the neighborhood of Edinburgh to Donegal, Ireland, from whence, about the year 1750, his grandfather, Seth Duncan, emigrated to the United States, and located in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. He there married and lived till late in life, when he removed to Abbottstown, then York (now Adams) County. Seth had a number of children, most of whom became notable people. It was indeed a remarkable family. James and Matthew were brave officers in the Revolutionary war. William, after whom our late colleague was named, represented Philadelphia in the State assembly as representative and senator for several terms, and was an aid to Governor Simon Snyder during the war of 1812. His son, Abner L., was a distinguished lawyer in New Orleans, whither he had gone in 1806. He was one of General Jackson's aids at the battle of New Orleans, and counsel with Edward Livingstone in defending that general during his trial before Judge Hall for proclaiming martial law. His daughter Hannah became the wife of John Nicholson, the famous comptroller-general of Pennsylvania and partner of Robert Morris, the great American financier of the Revolution. Another daughter married Judge William Moulder, of Philadelphia. The most of them lived to a ripe old age. His son, Adam Seth Enos Duncan, the father of Mr. DUNCAN, was an exception. He died in 1840, aged fifty-one years. He, too, had been a soldier, serving in the war of 1812–'13 at Lundy's Lane, Chippewa, and Black Rock, and was twice wounded.

On the maternal side tributary rills of Pennsylvania-German blood steadied and calmed the Scotch-Irish flood of many generations coursing in his veins; for both grandmother and mother

were of that race who more than two hundred years ago brought from the banks of the Rhine the arts, sciences, literature, and religion of a Christian civilization and planted them firmly in Pennsylvania.

Mr. DUNCAN, therefore, in his extraction was a Pennsylvanian, representing in blood and lineage the two great stocks which have so strongly impressed their characteristics on that State and made her a powerful, prosperous, and substantial Commonwealth.

It is a remarkable family record, even for good old Pennsylvania. Yet our friend's whole life shows that he did not depend for laurels upon his dead ancestors; he was rather actuated by the famous sentiment of the eloquent Ulysses:

> Nam genus, et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
> Vix ea nostra voco.

Nevertheless, if we would correctly weigh a man's life and character we must know the mold in which he was cast. We must all act for ourselves; but something of our characteristics we owe to our forebears, as a noted American writer puts it:

> Though nature appears capricious, some qualities she carefully fixes and transmits, but some, and those the finer, she exhales with the breath of the individual as too costly to perpetuate. But I notice also that they may become fixed and permanent in any stock, by painting and repainting them in every individual until at last nature adopts them and bakes them in her porcelain.

With these antecedents Mr. DUNCAN was left an orphan boy at the age of four years, with two other brothers but a few years older, to the charge of a widowed mother. Nothing of the past worthy of preservation for her children was permitted to be lost by this estimable lady. Her affectionate care carried them through the troubles of childhood, followed them through the temptations of youth and even after their career of manhood had opened. She died in 1880 at the advanced age of eighty years, having found the reward of her motherly devotion in seeing her boys grow into successful business men and honored citizens. Heaven grant us many such women! They are the Cornelias of the Republic.

Presumably Mr. DUNCAN early showed an aptitude for intellect-

ual pursuits, as he matriculated at the age of seventeen at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., in 1853. He graduated in regular course in 1857 as valedictorian of his class. This fact attests the eminent rank he attained while a college student as scholar, thinker, and orator. After graduating he entered the law office of R. G. McCreary, esq. (who preceded him one short year ago to the other world), at Gettysburg, the county seat of Adams, and in due course was admitted to the bar in 1859. He applied himself zealously to practice. Industry, diligence, and integrity brought with them the confidence of his associates, of the community, an extensive practice, and made his professional career a success. Endowed with such qualifications, combined with an agreeable address and methodical and regular habits, promotion to places of public trust became a matter of course. By the election of the people he filled the office of prosecuting attorney for Adams from 1862 to 1865, and so acceptably that he was again chosen to fill the same position from 1868 to 1871. He was also for a long time solicitor for the county, and filled various other local offices. In November, 1882, he was elected to represent the populous and intelligent counties of Adams, Cumberland, and York, comprising the nineteenth district of Pennsylvania, in the Forty-eighth Congress.

Here let us pause in our count of the unvarnished items that so far have made up this man's life. He did not flash into notice like a meteor, illuming the heavens to the great admiration of the lookers-on and then disappear, nor did he become notorious by reason of any great noise he made or others made for him. We find him taking his origin in a quiet little township in Adams County, going through the phases of infancy and boyhood, beginning a career of study, till it brought him to the college door. He entered at the beginning. He steadily pursued his way, looking neither to the right nor to the left. The culmination of that course was the winning of its most coveted prize. He entered the arena of real life in the ranks of the profession of his choice. He there gained its most desirable and substantial rewards. He placed himself in contact with the public.

Public trusts became his legitimate possession and public usefulness his habit. No doubt he had conflicts in the race of life, but he preserved through them all his own self-respect, the confidence of the community which had known him from boyhood, and of all with whom he associated. He was indeed a type of those men who, whether they become more or less famous, whether they adorn private station or public position, bring to humanity its most lasting and substantial achievements, who well deserve the commendation of one gifted with more than poetic inspiration, who has said—

> All my life long
> I have beheld with most respect the man
> Who knew himself and knew the ways before him,
> And from amongst them chose considerately,
> With a clear foresight, not a blindfold courage,
> And, having chosen, with a steadfast mind
> Pursued his purposes.

With such antecedents he became a member of this body. With such a record the constituency which honored him and those who knew him had a right to expect a continuance of his usefulness. But Providence willed otherwise. An insidious disease, the appearance of which had given occasion for solicitude some six years ago, had already laid so heavy a hand upon his mortality that the usefulness of his Congressional career was paralyzed at its very threshold. And though the excitement and interest natural to every one upon entering a new field seemed at the beginning of this Congress for awhile to kindle up new life, it was but the last flicker of the divine spark premonitory of approaching extinction. Those of us who noted these changes saw full well that his days were numbered. He seldom appeared at the meetings of his committees, Education and Military Affairs. His wasted form and feeble gait were seldom seen, and his seat but seldom occupied.

After the adjournment in July last and his return home he rarely left the house, except on pleasant days to take short drives. This continued till a month before death, during which time I learn he was constantly at home, and often, owing to a difficulty in breathing, unable to converse with his friends. In the long, weary hours

spent by him in the ante-chamber of death he learned fully to realize his condition and to become resigned to it. In vain friends spoke hopefully of renewed strength and prolonged life. He gave them no encouragement. Overruled by these friends, he allowed his party to honor him with a renomination for Congress, but his subsequent re-election crowned with success a brow already damp with the dews of death. Having renewed the religious vows of his early youth, armed with Christian faith in a Redeemer, he calmly awaited the beginning of a new life. In the early morning hours of November 14, 1884, at Gettysburg, his spirit peacefully took its everlasting flight.

Standing to-day at the grave of WILLIAM A. DUNCAN, my mind at this stage of our political history is irresistibly carried back to a suggestive episode in his career. In 1856, while yet a beardless youth upon the threshold of active life, he was selected as the chosen embassador of his instructors and fellow-pupils as the representative of his *alma mater* to bear congratulatory messages to James Buchanan, the last President of the United States of his party, on his election to the Presidency. Twenty-eight years elapse; years crowded with tremendous events, bringing with them tremendous changes, affecting the social and political life of millions, bringing with them overthrow after overthrow upon the party in whose supremacy his warmest sympathies were enlisted, and after years of toil and effort in her behalf, in the crowning hour of her success, at the very start of a race involving most important results to him and his political household, like Moses on Pisgah's top, in sight of the promised land, his eyes close in death.

It is a question among men whether strict propriety does not require that on occasions like this the participants should mask their feelings and restrain the flow of natural emotions. Let those who prefer play the part of the stern Roman. I prefer to be the Greek, who weeps and still remains a man. For, in this solemn presence, occupying from early youth the relations I have to our dead friend, the first victim among my Pennsylvania colleagues since my connection with this House, the recollection of long-faded days trans-

ports me back over the gaps of time, place, and circumstance. Once more I stand with him on the perilous edge of an unknown future—unknown, but filled with glorious promise and pleasing prospect. When the alluring splendors of hope gilded life's bright morning with honor, wealth, and fame, beckoning on over untrodden and untried paths, there we parted, each bent upon his respective mission, each pursuing his separate path. Converging here, with many things then hoped for never realized to both, his hoped-for unrealized balance absorbed by death. It is the one sad lesson of life—the chalice that sooner or later is commended to the lips of all—the vanity of human wishes. Yet the magic spell of that time projects a softening, soothing halo, to which no human heart can be insensible, into the very gloom of this hour.

I should hesitate to intrude upon the privacy of the domestic circle on an occasion like this; but it is due to those who survive him to say that the symmetry of our friend's rounded career visible to the public eye did not want the harmonious complement of a prosperous wedlock. Perhaps no one may tell how much of his success was due to this union. In 1863 he wedded Miss Catherine W. Schmucker, daughter of Rev. Dr. Samuel S. Schmucker, president of the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, who is now deceased, the honored head of a family distinguished in the annals of the Church, in the learned professions, and in the higher walks of literature. The fruit of the union was four sons, now aged respectively twenty, nineteen, seventeen, and thirteen years. Happily they live to console, to comfort, and to sustain the bereaved widow in the bitter affliction of this irreparable loss. They are the legatees of many honorable family traditions, of which no doubt they will prove themselves worthy. I trust they will hold up without reproach in the battle of life the noble standard that fell from the grasp of their progenitor only when his hand was nerveless in death.

His end was universally lamented and regretted. The resolutions of respect and sympathy passed by his former associates at home, the large concourse of sorrowing friends upon his interment,

bear amplest testimony to this. All that lay in human power to avert or break the force of the blow has now been done, but—

> They cannot render back
> The golden bowl that's broken at the fountain,
> Or mend the wheel that's broken at the cistern,
> Or twist again the golden cord that's loosed.

I doubt not that those of us who during the last session saw the too frail body that incased the immortal soul of our late associate must feel it to be better far to anticipate that hour when the breath of Almighty Power shall resurrect it from the dust, and change the body corruptible in time into the body incorruptible in eternity.

Thus ends my painful duty, a duty performed as best I could. I have not disfigured my face with grief as one without hope, nor indulged in vain lamentation, nor obscured with indiscriminate eulogy the memory of our late colleague. Not so have I purposed or performed. But as one who first learned to know him and become his friend years back in the college days, I have in decorous and befitting words laid an honest tribute on his tomb—a tribute not unwarmed I hope by some rays of the ancient faith, some gleams of home pride, some cheering beams from the memories of long ago.

Address by Mr. SWOPE of Pennsylvania.

Mr. SPEAKER: As the successor, fellow-townsman, and life-long acquaintance of WILLIAM A. DUNCAN I feel impelled, not only or chiefly by time-honored custom, but much more by the dictates of friendship, esteem, and regard for high mental and moral excellencies, to offer a few words of tribute to the memory of my predecessor.

A monotone of sadness pervades the literature of every race and comes wailing down to us in the song and story of all the tribes of men. To be born is but the beginning of death. All the forces and potencies of nature seem at once to combine against the structure which she herself has reared. From the initial moment life is a struggle which yields no crown to the victor, and to the vanquished suffering, decay, and death. If life were to be estimated only by

its last and culminating result, or by its continued contest with all destructive agencies, then, indeed, it would be true that—

Man was made to mourn.

The teachings of the pessimist would be in accordance with sound philosophy, and life itself would be evil, and only evil.

But man is himself a predominating factor in the economies of nature. He fills a larger place in the moral than he occupies in the material universe, and stands on a plane so far exalted above all other creations, that his life cannot be measured by his length of days in the land. It is estimated not by years so much as by deeds; not by cycles of time so much as by eras of events. In the material universe not an atom of matter is ever lost, though constantly assuming new forms and combinations.

A drop of water which to-day may be tossed in wild commotion on the waves of the deep may to-morrow glitter in the dew-drop or fall in a tear. Thus every act of man is followed by an ever-widening circle of consequences and results, and forever reappears in novel and varied phases of existence. It may itself become a propagating germ, to be multiplied and reproduced throughout all time. This large view of the vast results which may be attained in a life which has not yet reached its meridian may in a measure reconcile us to the untimely loss of those who have not lived long, but well.

Mr. DUNCAN had the honor of being chosen by the people among whom he was born and reared, and so by them well known and trusted, to represent them here. And though his usefulness was to some extent impaired by failing health and ever-increasing weakness, yet such was their firm faith in his honor and honesty of purpose and action that they again re-elected him as their Representative for the Forty-ninth Congress. This in itself is a testimony of no slight or dubious character to his worth, ability, and conscientious regard for the interests of the people whom he most closely represented. Nor is the constituency of the nineteenth district of Pennsylvania by whom he was chosen wanting in the eminence and distinction of the men whom they have sent here in times past. Whatever differences of opinion may have prevailed, and

may still prevail, in regard to great public interests and national policies, there can be no differences respecting the ability and patriotism of the Representatives chosen by the people who supported my lamented predecessor. Nor was my honored friend wanting in a watchful, careful, and intelligent regard for their interests.

But his patriotism was broader than his district. He regarded that a fragment, however valued and prized, of the great and noble old Commonwealth of which it is a part; and this again as only a member of a national family of States, constituting one grand and glorious Union, whose honor and prosperity is the highest goal, to which all should be at once tributary and subordinate.

With no tormenting ambitions for public office, and but little experience beyond the cares of a local and honorable relationship to the community in which he lived, Mr. DUNCAN was sent here more by reason of the reputation he had gained as a good citizen, able lawyer, diligent worker, and an incorruptible patriot than because he had won any renown as a Representative or legislator. That he did not disappoint or forfeit the confidence of his constituency, the faith of his party, or fail in his duty to the Commonwealth or to the county, is seen in the significant fact that he was returned on his second candidacy with a largely increased popular vote over his first election.

I may state here that which may be allowed me, as his personal friend and confidant in his last hours, that he wanted but this to smooth and make easy his path to the grave, already open to receive him, for he died just one week after his re-election. This is not the time to enlarge upon the strain and stress which is laid upon a member when his personal convictions of what is right and just are at variance with those entertained by many of his friends and by most of his constituents. Happy is he who escapes this ordeal, this trial by fire, and most happy is he who in the long run and final result can demonstrate that he was right.

Those who have known Mr. DUNCAN only in this legislative hall can form no conception of the man. His first step here was the initial movement toward his grave, and every day accelerated the pace of the relentless disease which, hour by hour, sapped and

undermined his vital forces. Still he fought a good fight against his remorseless foe. He gallantly contested every step; and could he have been placed under more favorable circumstances of climate and situation he might have protracted the contest for many years. But, sir, though often besought by family and friends to quit his post and forsake his duties, he remained here, fulfilling all the responsibilities of his position until the close of the session, when, with every duty pefrormed, and his public trust fulfilled, he came home to die in sight of those blue mountains at whose base he was born, and whose lengthening shadows, as the sun sinks behind them, almost reach his grave.

It has been said by the great dramatist, who was noted for his accurate portrayal of the human heart and his philosophic interpretation of the motives of human conduct, that—

> The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones.

However true this adverse and discouraging estimate of the durability of good deeds may be, it can be accepted only with many limitations and under very unfortunate conditions of society. I prefer to believe the truth of a higher, more inspiring, and philosophic sentiment:

> The memory of the just is blest,
> The name of the wicked shall rot.

I believe in the essential immortality of good deeds. Those that are such are not and cannot be buried with the bones of their authors, but live after and follow them.

Nay, sir, it is a cheering truth that of "the good men do time but the impression deeper makes, as streams their channels deeper wear." It is only when death has lent its solemn sanction to a completed life, and time has confirmed the value of thoughts and deeds, that their wisdom and unselfishness are rightly appreciated.

No man takes in the range and altitude of a mountain while environed by near-jutting prominences and thick forests. The chain needs to be projected against a remote horizon, girding which may be seen the long-drawn and towering massiveness of the whole.

Thus it is that we contemplate those colossal figures which awe and inspire us along the granite ranges of history.

The virtue, purity, and patriotic devotion which look upon us from their secure heights to-day in the characters of Washington, Jefferson, and others on like Alpine summits are all the more conspicuous and impressive because of the distance from which we contemplate them. The ages will never displace them from their eminence nor shrink their solid dimensions. In the same measure and by the same law will every humbler name take its enduring place among the stabilities of the future. We may therefore confidently commit the record of our deceased brother to the keeping of that favoring genius who protects and guards the archives of the past.

WILLIAM A. DUNCAN was born in Franklin Township, Adams County, Pennsylvania, on February 2, 1836. After such preliminary training as was at that period accessible in country schools he entered Franklin and Marshall College, from which he graduated in 1857 with the highest honor. During his college course he displayed marked ability as a clear thinker and graceful writer, which qualities he enlarged and developed during his whole career. After leaving college Mr. DUNCAN studied law in Gettysburg, and was admitted to the bar in 1860. In 1862 he was elected district attorney, and re-elected in 1868. In 1874 he was the nominee of Adams County for the State senate. He was also a member of the State central committee. In 1882 he was elected a member of the Forty-eighth Congress of the United States, and was re-elected November 3, 1884. He died November 14, 1884.

While a close professional student, and a hard worker in all the details of his business, so that he commanded the unlimited confidence of his clients, he did not neglect the ordinary duties which pertain to a good citizen. He has been identified with every organization which had for its object the welfare and improvement of the community in which he lived. He was genial, kind, and courteous, and was most loved by those who knew him best.

In his domestic life his even and equable temper, his kind consideration for those about him, his hospitality to his friends, and

his constant love for his wife and children, shone forth with peculiar luster. During the long period of his weakness and depression his devoted wife administered to his wants, relieved him of such burdens as she herself could bear, and with an entire devotion which ended only with his life sacrificed everything for him.

With the love of partial friendship, with the sorrow of a bereaved community, we interred the remains of our brother in the soil of a field made memorable by the bloodiest battle of cruel war.

He rests on the summit where carnage and death held their bloody revels twenty-one years ago, but where now all is peace and stillness, where the summer breezes blow softly from the blue mountains which overlook the plain now smiling with peace and plenty.

In the adjoining cemetery, where—

> Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep—

rests all that is mortal of my lamented friend and predecessor.

Let us trust that each of us, before the final result comes, may have contributed his share, humble though it be, to the happiness, prosperity, and progress of his race, so that it may not truly be said of any one of us, "he has lived in vain."

Address of Mr. ATKINSON, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. SPEAKER: As the Highlander will not pass the tumulus of his friend without adding a pebble thereto, so I offer a brief tribute to the memory of my late colleague, WILLIAM A. DUNCAN, in whose honor these services are held to-day. It is fitting that we should turn aside for a little while from our daily duties to record our testimonials of esteem for one who faithfully and honestly performed his duty as a Representative, who conscientiously and laboriously served his constituents even when declining health made his onerous duties doubly difficult, and who thoroughly enjoyed the confidence and respect of the intelligent constituency which sent him to this House.

We can render him no other service; but it is a service which he well deserved, so that we may not perform it as a mere matter of official duty or custom, but because his gentle and amiable disposition, his fidelity and honesty, his industry, and his sacrifices for his country secure it for him as his just due.

The district which I have the honor to represent adjoins that represented by Mr. DUNCAN, but my acquaintance with him began only at the beginning of the first session of the Forty-eighth Congress. When I first met him I was impressed with his amiability and gentleness of disposition. A thorough gentleman, of refined and cultured tastes, I found him an interesting companion, and soon learned to appreciate him as a valued friend. Although disease had set its impress upon him, he never seemed to think of himself or his physical misfortunes, but bravely and unflinchingly bore the burden which would have fallen on a man of less courage with crushing force. He attended to his public duties with careful attention to detail and a total disregard of self, as if animated only by a desire to achieve the greatest results in the brief time which he knew was allotted him to live, apparently believing that—

> We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Mr. DUNCAN'S humblest constituents could call upon him for his services, feeling assured that his business would receive as careful consideration as the more important affairs of the influential. He was polite and courteous to his fellow-members of this House and kind to his inferiors. As a lawyer he loved his profession, and although not without ambition for public life, yet acted as if the highest honor to which he aspired was to be distinguished in the profession of his choice.

Bringing fine literary culture to his professional studies, he thoroughly mastered the principles of the law and applied them readily and accurately to the facts presented in a cause. His intellectual abilities were of a high order, and he possessed a diver-

sified knowledge outside the range of his profession rarely obtained by the laborious practitioner of the law.

He acquired a large practice soon after he was admitted to the bar, and his unwearied devotion to the interests of his clientage was one of the inducing causes which produced the disease of which he died. Few men possessed as great and enviable popularity as Mr. DUNCAN. His popularity was not accidental or evanescent, for his constituents had known him from his childhood.

Soon after he came to the bar he was elected district attorney of his native county, and so satisfactory was his performance of the duties of that office that he was again elected to the same position. After his first election as a Representative in Congress he felt that his failing health would not enable him to bear the exertion and fatigue incident to a canvass for re-election, and he would willingly have declined the honor of a renomination. But his many friends insisted that he should again be a candidate, and he reluctantly yielded to their importunities.

His physical inability rendered him unable to canvass his district, but the confidence of his people was so marked, that he was elected by a larger majority than when he was first a candidate. No higher compliment could have been paid to his personal worth.

Two weeks after his re-election death called him from the scenes of his struggles and his earthly triumphs. He fell in the meridian of his useful and honorable career; and his unfinished life, if the expression may be used, is well typified by a broken column. From the spring and summer of his career we had a right to expect an abundant autumn. We regret that by his untimely death this body and his people have been deprived of those matured fruits for which his character and attainments had justified us to hope.

His body has been laid to rest among his kindred upon the historic Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg, which two decades ago vibrated with the thunder of that mighty cannonade which marked the turning point of the struggle for the maintenance of the Union. The fierce conflict over, the nation dwells in peace, and may this

peace be emblematical of the peaceful repose of his spirit since the conflict of his life is ended.

The sainted dead of the nation, who died that the Union might live, lie in the national cemetery at his feet. On the morning of the resurrection none can be in nobler company.

> He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
> Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
> And that unrest which men miscall delight,
> Can touch him not and torture not again;
> From the contagion of the world's slow stain
> He is secure; and now can never mourn
> A heart grown cold, a head grown gray, in vain—
> Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
> With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

Address of Mr. POST, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. SPEAKER: He whose memory we honor to-day and whose death we mourn was a modest, unassuming, honest, and faithful citizen. Content to perform with zeal and fidelity whatever duties his environment imposed he sought not renown, but courted rather that more substantial boon, the confidence and esteem of his neighbors, with whom he was brought into daily contact and among whom he sought to achieve an honorable reputation.

During his brief term of service in this House Mr. DUNCAN was precluded from attendance upon its sessions often for several days in succession by reason of delicate health. At the time of taking his seat the ravages of disease had grievously impaired his powers of endurance, and he was therefore obliged to abstain from all social festivities, in order that his whole strength might be husbanded for the discharge of official duties. Hence it came that his acquaintance among his colaborers in this body was exceedingly limited and his usefulness necessarily curtailed. For many years it had been his ambition to represent his district in Congress; and who can imagine the bitterness of his disappointment, when at last, the coveted prize being attained, he found himself physically incapacitated for active participation in the work of legislation.

In this contentious body, with its iron-bound, inexplicable rules and utter disregard for individual feeling; where recognition can only be obtained as the result of intellectual prowess, parliamentary *finesse*, or sheer force of will; where the power is wielded by a few of the legislative elders, and a new member is chiefly considered as a necessity in making up a quorum, a man in robust health and in the full vigor of manhood's strength may well be overwhelmed by the paucity of his chances for gaining a foothold; how utterly futile of accomplishment, then, this task must have appeared to our deceased friend, who entered this Hall enfeebled by disease and with emaciated frame.

Stricken down while yet comparatively a young man, deprived of an opportunity for displaying in public life whatever talent or adaptation therefor he may have possessed, in eulogizing the dead upon this occasion we can only speak of the character and reputation sustained by him in the private walks of life. In his intercourse with his fellows the deceased was kind, considerate, and courteous. In his business relations he was conscientious, fair, and generous. As a lawyer he was able, industrious, and successful. To all trusts confided to his keeping he was faithful, and as a husband and father he was loving, tender, and true.

A little more than a year ago the Forty-eighth Congress convened in its first session. In the year that has passed so quickly, as quickly as vanishing breath, the shadow of death has frequently darkened this Chamber. Of those who then came commissioned to this House of Representatives, bearing with pride such evidence of popular favor and eagerly hoping for higher honors, several have already gone to join the great majority. Life's fitful fever being over, they sleep. As the Death King has entered here with swift and echoless tread and borne away one after another of our associates, we are reminded of the uncertainty of life, and the great and solemn truth is forced home upon us that it is appointed unto all once to die.

WILLIAM A. DUNCAN was born in Adams County, Pennsylvania, February 2, 1836. After graduating with high honors from college he read law and was admitted to practice in 1859. Aside from serving two terms as district attorney for his county he held

no other official position until his election to Congress. Always a strong partisan and taking an active interest in political matters, he was frequently a delegate to conventions, county and State.

Notwithstanding the fact that at the close of the last session Mr. DUNCAN returned to his home much prostrated, and it was apparent that the end of his earthly career was near at hand, and while unable to go about among them, his constituents unanimously renominated him for re-election, and at the election he was chosen by a large majority, thus attesting the regard of his people for their distinguished Representative. The certificate of the return judges of this election was received two days before his death.

I was one of the committee of the members of this House designated by the Speaker to attend the funeral obsequies of the deceased held in the quaint but historic little borough of Gettysburg. In that vicinity he had lived all his life, and from the immense concourse of mourning friends gathered there to pay their last tribute of respect it was evident that by those who had known him long and intimately he was beloved. There, side by side with those of his kin who had gone before, we laid him to rest, and as we retraced our steps from the city of the dead, leaving him asleep upon the breast of Mother Earth, we felt that a good man had gone from among us to his eternal home.

Address of Mr. BAYNE, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. SPEAKER: I rise more for the purpose of joining my colleagues in paying a tribute to the memory of Mr. DUNCAN than with the view of saying anything which may enlighten the members of the House about his characteristics or his life. My acquaintance with Mr. DUNCAN was formed at the beginning of the present Congress; and I was brought into more or less intimate association with him by his being a member of the Committee on Military Affairs. I also met him frequently, and our social relations were somewhat intimate and always pleasant.

As Mr. DUNCAN appeared to me, a most prominent characteristic

of his nature was that he was essentially and in every respect a gentleman.

Every element which goes to make up that desirable character was possessed in a conspicuous degree by him. He was studious always to avoid the mere suggestion of anything that would give offense. In his intercourse with others he was kindly, genial, respectful, treating all as equals.

The members of his own family—his sons and daughters—shared his association as adult equals are wont to do; and I have more than once observed the respect and consideration that were shown each other in the discussion of topics, and how free each felt to express his or her opinion, unawed by paternal austerity, fully encouraged rather by the mutual confidence and regard that prevailed in that good family.

Notwithstanding this genial, kindly temperament of Mr. DUNCAN, I am told that in the legal forum he conducted most vigorous fights, and that in professional controversies his brethren of the bar always regarded him as a foeman fully worthy of their steel. In Congress, being a new member and subjected to those unfavorable opportunities which new members have always to encounter here, he had but little chance to show the metal he was made of; but I am convinced from his course in the Committee on Military Affairs, from the decided conviction he expressed on subjects coming before that committee, that if his health had permitted him to live longer among us and it had been equal to the performance of the multifarious duties devolved upon us, here in the legislative forum he would have made his mark, as he did in the legal forum before he came here.

Mr. DUNCAN was comparatively young, and it was a misfortune to his great State and to his constituency that he was taken off so soon. In the rough-and-tumble fight of this world and in the rugged contests which seem to exist always in this body it is not easy for a man of quiet, amiable, and gentle manner to make himself conspicuous before the country, but after a while, after the lapse of time, and with some experience, I feel he would have risen to a commanding position in this House, and that his abilities would

have gained the fullest respect and admiration of his fellow-members.

His people have lost an honest and worthy man, his constituents a faithful and just Representative, and his family a good father and kind husband; and I sincerely join with my colleagues in paying this last tribute by this great body to the memory of Mr. DUNCAN.

Address of Mr. HOPKINS, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. SPEAKER: Upon the first day of the present session of Congress, when Representatives were exchanging salutations upon their reunion after a few months of separation, the cheerful greetings were silenced and the business of the House was suspended by the announcement that during the vacation two of our fellow-members had passed away from earth and would meet with us in this Hall no more.

Thus in the midst of our joyousness we were reminded that a dark shadow enveloped the households of two of our late companions. In the full enjoyment of our own active life and vigorous health we were reminded that death had stricken down two of those who sat here with us but a few months since. And we come to-day in a formal manner to honor the memory of WILLIAM A. DUNCAN.

There is much of the true philosophy of life in the Latin maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.* For it is unmanly to attack those who can not defend themselves. But in speaking of the dead the tendency is rather to indulge in exaggeration of their virtues. The friends of our departed colleague have no occasion to invoke the charity of silence; and it is quite certain that by extravagant eulogy we would do violence to the nature and wishes of him whose memory we honor.

By native capacity and educational acquirements Mr. DUNCAN was well equipped for a useful and honorable life. But, unfortunately, his mental vigor was not fortified by physical strength. He was always delicate. The insiduous disease which undermined

his life and bore him to an untimely grave crippled his energies, and to a great extent marred the perfection of his promised career. Taken away just at the period when a man's fame, if he is to have any in political life, is first forming, we can only conjecture what his success would have been. But there is enough known to excite sincere regret at his removal from his new career, when we remember that he was a man of cultivated mind, inflexible integrity, lofty aspirations, and courteous manners.

Mr. DUNCAN was never an aggressive man, but quiet, unobtrusive, and extremely modest. Yet, with all of his amiability, he was not without resolution and self-assertion. In his antagonisms he never excited enmity; in his successes he never aroused envy. The gentleness of his disposition, the frankness of his manner, the integrity of his character, made him many friends and many mourners at his death.

I had the sad satisfaction of attending the funeral of our respected colleague, and witnessed the universal evidence of high esteem in which he was held by all of his neighbors. The entire community followed his remains to their last resting-place in the historic cemetery which overlooks the town of Gettysburg, and manifested their profound respect as the body was laid away in that peaceful and lovely spot which had been the scene of a bloody and memorable conflict. As his calm life was undisturbed by the angry contentions around him, so his last, sweet sleep will be unbroken by the turbulent memories which throng the air above his grave.

The gentlemen who have preceded me have spoken at length of Mr. DUNCAN'S public services, and further allusion to them is needless.

I present my estimate of his character as a modest tribute to the memory of a modest man.

I move the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and in accordance therewith the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
January 26, 1885.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Clark, its Clerk, communicated to the Senate the resolutions of the House on the announcement of the death of Hon. WILLIAM A. DUNCAN, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Platt in the chair). The Chair lays before the Senate a message from the House of Representatives.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *January* 26, 1885.

Resolved, That this House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. W. A. DUNCAN, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the House shall, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. CAMERON, of Pennsylvania. I offer resolutions, and ask that they be read at the desk.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of WILLIAM A. DUNCAN, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the Senate shall, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, adjourn.

Address of Mr. CAMERON, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. PRESIDENT: It is my sad duty to announce to the Senate the death of WILLIAM A. DUNCAN, late my colleague in the House of Representatives from the State of Pennsylvania, which occurred on the morning of Friday, November 14, 1884, at his home in the historic town of Gettysburg, Pa.

Mr. DUNCAN was born in Franklin Township, Adams County, Pennsylvania, on the 2d day of February, 1836. After receiving a common-school education he went through his preparatory course for college at Mercersburg, Pa., and entered Franklin and Marshall College at Lancaster, where he was distinguished for his talents and close application to his studies, graduating in 1857, on which occasion he was selected to deliver the valedictory address of his class.

After leaving college, he entered the law office of Robert G. McCreary, esq., at Gettysburg, where he diligently pursued his studies, and on the 15th of August, 1859, was admitted to the bar, and at once entered upon the active practice of his profession.

Being possessed of a versatile mind, with an open, generous, and genial nature, full of magnanimity, and particularly devoted to his adopted profession, he became one of the most promising members of the Adams County bar, and very soon acquired a large practice. It is said by one who knew him intimately that "his professional career was characterized by devotion to his profession, fidelity to his clients, and marked courtesy in his relations to the court and members of the bar."

Mr. DUNCAN practiced law successfully for over twenty years. Possessing much natural ingenuity and industry, these with his uniformly gentlemanly bearing and high integrity rendered him skillfully armed and equipped for the contests at the bar and made him successful in his business affairs. He had a broad and cultivated mind, a keen and polished utterance, and a pure and patriotic heart. Always fair and candid, he sought no unfair advantage

in argument, but invariably conceded to his opponent the same honesty of motive which he claimed for himself and which was universally accorded him. His good and reliable judgment rendered him very useful as a citizen in the conduct of any enterprise of public concern. He was patient, prudent, and far-sighted, and his astuteness was especially apparent before a jury. For years before his death he was in full practice, having a large share of assigned estates intrusted to his excellent management; and, as is generally the case in rural districts, his practice was of a miscellaneous character, rendering it necessary for him to give it close and constant application, which in the progress of time seriously affected his health.

In 1862 he received the nomination for the office of district attorney by the Democratic party of his county, of which he was an ardent and faithful adherent, and was elected in October of that year. While holding this position he performed his duties with such fidelity and impartiality that he was renominated in 1865, but owing to divisions in his party was defeated.

In 1868 he was again nominated for the third time for that position, and was elected, when he again proved himself worthy of the trust bestowed upon him by his fellow-citizens.

In 1882, after a very spirited contest, he was nominated by his Democratic friends to the Forty-eighth Congress to represent the nineteenth Congressional district of Pennsylvania, composed of the counties of Adams, Cumberland, and York, a district very strongly Democratic, and elected by 3,177 plurality. After taking his seat in the House he was assigned to duty on the Committee on Military Affairs and the Committee on Education, where he served with great credit to himself and his constituency.

Mr. DUNCAN was renominated last summer to represent his district again in the Forty-ninth Congress and was elected in the succeeding election by 4,262 plurality. His re-election two weeks before his death, although suffering at the time with an incurable disease, was a high compliment to his sterling worth and showed the universal esteem in which he was held.

Mr. DUNCAN was a thorough and consistent Democrat. Having

been imbued with the principles of that party from early childhood, his faith in its teachings and his zeal in its service increased yearly. At home he was one of the foremost leaders in its councils and an elegant and aggressive champion in defense of its traditions, but, like the great majority of his party in the State, was a firm and steadfast supporter of the doctrine of protection. It being his first term in Congress, he was too modest and retiring to obtrude his opinions upon the House or enter into discussion with older and more experienced members, but had he been permitted to live through the coming Congress he would have proven himself capable of sustaining in debate the measures he advocated with skill and good judgment.

One of the greatest characteristics of Mr. DUNCAN'S life was his abounding good nature and his unfailing charity toward others. If anything derogatory of another was said in his presence, he was sure to defend the absent one or to change the course of conversation by some humorous or diverting remark into other and more congenial channels. He had no ill to speak of others, even of those who may have treated him unkindly and unjustly.

Mr. DUNCAN was married in 1863 to Miss Catharine Schmucker, a daughter of Rev. S. S. Schmucker, D. D., an eminent divine of the Lutheran Church, an organization very large in numbers and which has in its membership some of the ablest and purest people in the State. Miss Schmucker, brought up under the teachings of a father of great strength and purity of character, was a worthy helpmeet to her husband and made his home a charming one, remarkable for its cultivated simplicity in a community noted for its intelligence and unostentatious hospitality.

Mr. DUNCAN had always enjoyed vigorous and robust health until about four years ago, when symptoms of pulmonary trouble began to develop to such an extent that he was compelled to abandon his legal practice. Although he employed the best medical skill and was extremely careful in his habits, the disease gradually gained headway. He returned to his home after the adjournment of Congress in July last. As the summer advanced his health rapidly declined, and for several weeks before his death he was un-

able to leave his residence. He grew weaker constantly, until death relieved him, dying calmly and peacefully in the presence of his wife and family.

Mr. DUNCAN was a Christian. He trusted in God and publicly avowed his allegiance to Him. His many virtues, which so fondly attached many warm friends to him, will be missed at his office, at his fireside, at the bar, and in these Halls.

In the Gettysburg Star and Sentinel of Tuesday evening, November 18, 1884, I find the following resolutions adopted at a meeting of his former associates at the bar.

That we have heard with profound sorrow of the death of our late brother, Hon. WILLIAM A. DUNCAN; that by his demise our bar has lost an able lawyer and prudent counselor, our county a useful man and a good citizen, our Congressional district an honorable gentleman and a faithful representative.

That the court, its officers, and the bar attend the funeral of the departed.

That these proceedings be entered on the records of the court, and be published in the county papers.

That we present a copy of these resolutions to the family of our lamented associate, and extend to them our deepest sympathy, and commend them to the Consoler of the afflicted and the Healer of all sorrow.

Mr. President, in my association with men in public or private life I have never heard of one who possessed a character more lovely. Strong in his convictions of right, fearless in his expression of them, he had the rare faculty of impressing his antagonists with the purity and sincerity of his motives, so that when they could not approve his position they never failed to respect the reasons which he gave to sustain it. Thus it was that he left no sting behind and his strongest political opponents were among his warmest personal friends.

During my service in the Senate we have been frequently called upon to mourn the death of fellow-members endeared to us by ties of association and friendship. In the death of Mr. DUNCAN I feel that we have not only lost a worthy associate, but the State which I have the honor in part to represent has lost an able and efficient representative. Our colleague has passed beyond the river that separates life from death, time from eternity! He has passed forever from these Halls, and has left behind him an honorable name and an unsullied reputation.

Address of Mr. MAXEY, of Texas.

Mr. PRESIDENT. The neighbors of the late WILLIAM A. DUNCAN say he was manly, generous, talented, true.

To have achieved honorable position while young, and to have increased his reputation not only as a faithful guardian of public trust, but as a man in the social and daily walks of life, he must have possessed sterling qualities of head and heart. Graduating in 1857, he was chosen to deliver the valedictory. Admitted to the bar in 1859, he, by dint of hard study, honorable deportment, a good education, and native talent, rapidly rose in his profession, and acquired a large and lucrative practice. The high estimate placed upon him by his professional brethren is the best assurance of his honor as a man and ability as a lawyer.

He made friends wherever he went and retained them. He was a man of good culture and earnest application.

Three years after his admission to the bar he was elected district attorney, and to the same office five years later.

In 1882 he was elected to the Forty-eighth Congress, and in 1884 was elected to the next Congress. His last election speaks volumes. Stricken down by the dread disease, pulmonary consumption, the shadows were gathering thick and fast around him before the canvass was closed. The scythe of death was whetted and ready to cut the brittle thread. The people knew that his days and hours were numbered, yet they showed their love and respect for the dying man by re-election to the position he had so worthily filled. Two weeks later he was numbered among the dead.

If a man die shall he live again? is the ever-recurring question.

The Creator by whose almighty fiat were launched, we know not when, countless worlds into boundless space, gave them laws infinitely wise and so nicely adjusted that this vast universe moves unerringly, so perfectly that the intellect of man can calculate centuries in advance the precise moment of an event resulting from those laws.

The infallible operation of the infallible laws of creation proves an infallible Law Giver.

The crowning glory of creation is man, with his mighty intellect, his soaring ambition, his lofty aspirations, his resistless energy; with a moral nature leading him pleasantly into the paths of gentleness, mercy, and benevolence, with an inborn veneration for the author of his existence. Can it be that such a God would create such a man, who, in obedience to the laws of his existence, has achieved such amazing triumphs over matter and such mighty triumphs over mighty intellects, and yet would doom that man to annihilation with death? Can it be that such an intellect incased in a frail mortal body should die because the body dies? Through the unending cycles of eternity the soul of man will go onward expanding in the presence of the Omniscient. If a man die he shall live again.

WILLIAM A. DUNCAN was a man of many virtues, beloved by all who knew him, and best by those who knew him best. The memory of the just is blessed.

WILLIAM A. DUNCAN has finished his course on earth. He acted well his part. We scatter flowers over his grave. "He shall return no more to his house; neither shall his place know him any more."

Address of Mr. McMILLAN, of Minnesota.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Already on two occasions during the past week we have been called upon to suspend our ordinary proceedings to pay respect to the memories of those who have been called by death from the public service. The voice of eulogy uttered upon those occasions has scarcely died within the Chamber ere we are called again to mourn the departure and commemorate the virtues of another fellow-laborer. The chair of WILLIAM A. DUNCAN, in the House of Representatives, is vacant. He was born in Adams County, Pennsylvania, in 1836, and died at Gettysburg, Pa., on Friday, the 14th of November, 1884, in the forty-ninth year of his age. Endowed by nature with a high order of talents, his intellectual powers were developed, enlarged, and invigorated by a liberal course of study and mental discipline at his alma mata, Frank-

lin and Marshall College, from which he was graduated in 1857. After faithful and diligent application through a regular course of legal study and training he was admitted to the bar in 1859. Thus thoroughly furnished for his work, he entered upon the practice of the law, and devoted himself to his profession. By his ability, integrity, and industry, he soon acquired an extensive practice, which he retained throughout his professional career of twenty-five years, during which he was twice elected by the people district attorney of his county.

He had an exalted view of the dignity and importance of the profession, and fully appreciated both its privileges and its responsibilities, and believed that for the administration of justice both lawyers and courts were to co-operate. In the trial of causes, therefore, he sought the truth and did not pervert justice; he was true as well to the court as to client. In his professional life he was not influenced by sordid or mercenary motives; he never turned a deaf ear to the cause of the poor or friendless, and was ever ready to defend the oppressed.

After so many years of arduous professional labor he consented to become a candidate for the House of Representatives of the United States, and in 1882 was elected by his constituents to represent the nineteenth Congressional district of Pennsylvania in the Forty-eighth Congress. He was a Democrat, but, with the majority of his party in Pennsylvania, he believed in the principle of protection to American industry.

His service in the House of Representatives was limited to a single term. During the Congress of which he was a member he served upon several important committees of the House.

Having participated so many years in the jurisprudence of his State he was enabled by his intellectual ability, his legal learning, his large experience, wise counsel, and sound judgment, to take a high position among his colleagues, and to render valuable and efficient service in devising and framing the legislation of the nation. He was diligent, conscientious, and faithful in the discharge of his public duties, and his generous and honorable bearing and upright

character won for him the high esteem and regard of his colleagues in the House of Representatives.

But those loved him most who knew him best. After his first term of service, although it was evident death had marked him as a victim, and that he must very soon yield up his life, his constituents, in November last, re-elected him as their Representative in the next (Forty-ninth) Congress. This was the benediction of those who had been the companions of his youth, the friends of his manhood, and who saw him and knew him in the daily walks of life. No higher or clearer expression of confidence and regard could be given by a constituency to their Representative; no greater reward could be received by a public servant.

The crowning characteristic of the life of our departed friend remains to be noticed. He was a faithful and sincere Christian; the graces which adorned his character were the fruits of his Saviour's love, and his daily life, which commended him to the favor and regard of his fellows, was the expression of his faith in Christ. This faith which prepared him to live, prepared him also to die.

If timid nature for a moment shrank at the approach to the dark valley the voice of the risen Saviour came to him in reassuring accents from the other side, "It is I, be not afraid;" and in the response of his faith his last song was the sweetest, as he sang with the Hebrew poet—

I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness.

Address of Mr. JONES, of Florida.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Again we are called upon to record our expressions of regret over the loss of a good man. WILLIAM A. DUNCAN, of Pennsylvania, in the prime of his manhood and the beginning of his usefulness, has passed away forever. In his untimely death the Church has lost a sincere Christian, the bar an able lawyer, Congress an upright and useful member, and the country a devoted and patriotic citizen. It is hard for us to comprehend the wisdom

of Providence in designating a man so circumstanced as a victim for the grave. After long years of study and preparation we find him, in his forty-seventh year, entering the other House as a member of the Forty-eighth Congress from one of the most important districts in his State. He had won his college prizes and passed on to the bar. There, in honorable competition with the able lawyers of his State, he acquired legal fame, and his intercourse with the people satisfied them that he was a fit person to represent them in the great parliamentary body which sits at the other end of the Capitol. The business of the bar for a time is put aside. Briefs and clients no longer interest him. The modest and unpretending country court-house, so long the scene of his patient and honorable labors, is overshadowed in his mind by the vast proportions of this great structure wherein his talents are to be exerted in the interest of a great nation. The stimulus of lofty and honorable ambition takes the place of ordinary professional promptings, and he comes here full of hope and heart and life, and gives his best talents and services to the interests of his country.

He served with great credit to himself, and his district in the Forty-eighth Congress and was re-elected to the Forty-ninth Congress at a time when the dark shadows of death was almost before his eyes. Conscious as his people were at that time that he would not be able to serve them in the new Congress, with a generous appreciation of his faithful services, they decided to console the last hours of his life by a public indorsement of his labors here, and show to the world that in the approaching death of WILLIAM A. DUNCAN Pennsylvania and Congress were about to lose a faithful representative and an honest man. It is not for us to pass upon the wisdom of the Almighty in matters of this kind. If from Mr. DUNCAN'S years, learning, industry, and honesty we are at liberty to infer that his death terminated a career full, with assurances of future usefulness, on the other hand it is possible that Providence interfered to save him from protracted suffering, and that, under the wise dispensation of the Almighty, what appears to be our and his country's loss is in reality his gain.

Address of Mr. MANDERSON, of Nebraska.

Mr. PRESIDENT. Not eventful the life that has closed. Spent amid stirring scenes and in troublous times it stands out against them in contrasts to be remarked. Born in that central State, the Keystone of the arch of Commonwealths, where—

> Pennsylvania holds the scales,
> And neither South nor North prevails—

where politics seems to be of every day—he was not a politician. Living on that, which one of the most stupendous events in modern history has made holy ground, where the strongest of human passions held fullest sway, and "dire was the noise of conflict," at far-famed Gettysburg, where "it seemed as though men fought upon the earth and fiends in upper air"—he was a quiet looker-on and not a soldier.

But he "acted well his part." It comes not to every man that he shall fill a page, or require even a line, in the world's history. Yet the uneventful lives seem the happiest ones, and the "mute, inglorious Miltons" of earth are usually the ones to envy, if content with life is its chiefest blessing. Of a genial nature, he made many friends, "well-springs in the wilderness," who loved him in life and mourn his too early death. Trained in the schools, he loved books, "those monuments of vanished minds," "delightful when prosperity happily smiles; inseparable comforters when adversity threatens."

Well balanced and intellectual, his pursuits were those of the scholar and his enjoyments those of the student. He could well exclaim:

> My mind to me a kingdom is,
> Such perfect treasure there I find.

Called to the bar, he became one of its leaders in his locality. Devoted to that "exacting mistress, the law," she gave him full return in a large clientage, to whose interests he was devoted.

Of upright character, he was universally esteemed, and it came

naturally, from the recognition of all these commendable qualities, that his neighbors chose him to represent his Congressional district in the Forty-eighth Congress. Suffering during his term from that fell disease of which he died in November last, he was not able to place an imprint upon any of the legislation of the last session; but fresh and well deserved appreciation of his worth came to him when, while upon the bed of death, he was re-elected to the House of Representatives.

To me WILLIAM A. DUNCAN was personally unknown, but when, at the request of a colleague who esteemed him highly, I looked over the detail of his life that I, a native of the grand old Commonwealth that he honored as it honored him, might pay fitting tribute to his memory, I was charmed with its symmetry and could not but admire the features I have so feebly portrayed. A life so beautiful, a career so even gave promise of a useful future.

It is most apt to depict him growing with the years of experience into the trusted legislator, the wise counselor, respected of all men, of service to the State, until with ripened age came fuller honors, and at last with the full allotment of years would come the end to the rounded life. But it was not so to be. "God's finger touched him and he slept."

Mr. President, I second the adoption of the resolutions.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution submitted by the Senator from Pennsylvania [Mr. Cameron].

Mr. CAMERON, of Pennsylvania. Before the question is put, I desire to state that my colleague [Mr. Mitchell], who desired to take and would have taken part in these proceedings, is unavoidably detained from the Senate to-day.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously; and the Senate adjourned.

O

48TH CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MIS. DOC. No. 28.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOHN H. EVINS

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM SOUTH CAROLINA),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FORTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1885.

JOINT RESOLUTION providing for printing the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late John H. Evins, late a Representative in the Forty-eighth Congress from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late John H. Evins, a Representative in the Forty-eighth Congress from the State of South Carolina, twelve thousand five hundred copies, of which three thousand copies shall be for the use of the Senate and nine thousand five hundred for the use of the House of Representatives. And the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed a portrait of the said John H. Evins to accompany said eulogies, and for the purpose of engraving and printing said portrait the sum of five hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved, February 12, 1885.

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF JOHN H. EVINS.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
December 1, 1884.

Mr. AIKEN. Under instructions of the delegation from the State of South Carolina, which State I have the honor in part to represent on this floor, it is my sad duty to announce to the House the death of our late colleague, Mr. JOHN H. EVINS, and to ask the adoption of the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The resolutions will be read.

The Clerk read as follows:

Whereas death has taken from our midst the Hon. JOHN H. EVINS, of South Carolina, a member of this House:

Resolved, That we have heard with much sorrow of this bereavement to his family and loss to his State and country.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased this House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and in accordance therewith the House adjourned.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
December 17, 1884.

Mr. BRATTON, by unanimous consent, submitted the following resolution; which was read, considered, and adopted:

Resolved, That Tuesday, the 20th of January, at 2 o'clock p. m., be fixed as the time for delivering tributes to the memory of the late Hon. J. H. EVINS, late a Representative from South Carolina.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
January 20, 1885.

The SPEAKER. By order of the House this hour, 2 o'clock, has been set apart for the consideration of resolutions in relation to the death of a late member of this House from the State of South Carolina. The Clerk will report the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That Tuesday, the 20th of January, at 2 o'clock p. m., be fixed as the time for delivering tributes to the memory of the late Hon. J. H. EVINS, late a Representative from South Carolina.

Mr. BRATTON. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That this House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN H. EVINS, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That, as an additional mark of respect, the House shall, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Address of Mr. BRATTON, of South Carolina.

Mr. SPEAKER: These resolutions are offered for the consideration of the House that we may perform a sad duty to departed worth; that we may do honor to one who has occupied a seat on this floor for several successive terms. His career in this House is best known to the honorable gentlemen who were associated with him here, and is confidently intrusted to their care. In the exercise of the melancholy privilege claimed by myself on this occasion, I speak necessarily rather from the standpoint of the constituents of my distinguished and lamented predecessor, of those who knew him as boy and man at home, and who attested their appreciation by repeatedly returning him to this truly important field of service.

JOHN HAMILTON EVINS was born in Spartanburg District, South Carolina, on the 18th day of July, 1830. His father, Samuel Evins, being a man of ample means, gave his son the benefit of a good academic and collegiate course. Mr. EVINS graduated at the South Carolina College in the class of 1853, and at once began the study of law, his chosen profession. In December, 1856, he was admitted to the bar and entered upon the practice of his profession in the town of Spartanburg. He continued to be so engaged until he was called by his State to leave this quiet pursuit and serve her in another field. He joined the first company that was organized in his county for military duty in the war between the States; was elected lieutenant; afterward became captain, and served the cause he had espoused with faithfulness and gallantry until disabled for field service by a wound received at the battle of Seven Pines. Though retired from the field he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and assigned to light duty in the rear. While thus employed he was called upon by the people of Spartanburg to represent them in the State legislature, which he did to their entire satisfaction.

At the close of the war Mr. EVINS reopened his law office in the town of Spartanburg, and devoted himself closely and successfully

to his profession until 1876, when he was called to a higher sphere of honor and usefulness. He entered the Forty-fifth Congress as the Representative of the fourth Congressional district of South Carolina, and served in that capacity with faithfulness to his immediate constituents and fidelity to the whole country, until stricken down by disease. His death, though sudden, was not unanticipated by himself and his friends. His health had been declining for a year prior to his demise; and, after consultation with eminent physicians, he became satisfied that his disease was incurable. This conviction did not turn him aside from the path of duty; he entertained it with calm, Christian resignation, and moved forward in the discharge of his public duties as undisturbed as if no shadow of death was impending over him.

On the 20th of October last, at his home in Spartanburg, in the bosom of his family, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, while seated in a chair, the messenger came to call him across the river.

He was not found unprepared for the summons. In early life he had made a profession of religion and attached himself to the Presbyterian Church, the church of his father. In 1867 he was chosen one of the deacons of the Spartanburg Presbyterian church, and in 1870 was called to be a ruling elder in the same church. From 1868 to his entrance upon his career as a member of Congress he was superintendent of the Sunday-school of his church, and devoted himself to this work with characteristic earnestness and singleness of purpose.

Such, Mr. Speaker, are, as it were, the stations which mark the course of the life which has passed away; the prominent events which, in the lives of men as of nations, are the hill-tops and mountain summits seen from afar and affording a general idea of their progress or decay, but no definite knowledge of the causes producing them, nor any intimate acquaintance with their real history. They are but points of observation from which the thread of the real life may be traced, from which the real character may be read, and the full history studied and learned. Subjection to such scrutiny is necessary to bring out the true force and merit of Mr. EVINS.

From this, the highest plane of public service to which he at-

tained, the track of his life down through its fields of usefulness to his State, his county, his town, his church, and into the privacy of his family circle, glowed with the same light, and was characterized by a constant and consistent uprightness born of high principle. His cultured and highly developed moral sense kept him ever alive to the duty of the hour, whether it led him to the mountain-top or through the lowly vale; whether it called him to positions of distinction and honor or along the humble walks of true charity among the weak, the poor, and the needy.

In that great conflict between the principles of good and evil which seems to be the heritage of humanity, and of which this world seems to be the battle-ground, the life of this pure-minded gentleman, guided by sound principles of morality and true Christian sentiment, has made for itself no uncertain record. As a man, as a citizen, as a neighbor, in the conduct of his private and professional business, in the service of his State in both peace and war, in every relation of life, his influence was elevating and for good.

And when at a critical period in the history of the State to which I belong, while the weight of aspersion and misrepresentation and of misapprehension was bearing upon us with ruinous pressure, we succeeded in sending Mr. EVINS here as our representative and exponent, it was with the expectation that the purity and sincerity of his character and the honesty of his political sentiments would vindicate us from the one and relieve us from the other. From the earnest expressions of regret for his loss with which I have been greeted since my entrance upon this floor by gentlemen of both political parties and from all sections of this country, I now venture to indulge the hope that our expectations have been realized; that his influence here, as elsewhere, has been for good, has been a potent contribution toward the restoration of those relations of respect and confidence between the members of this "indissoluble Union" which is so necessary to the full enjoyment by any of the blessings which our incomparable system of government was designed to secure to all.

In the death of Mr. EVINS we have lost one with a character for

honesty so high that slander could not reach it, a merit so modest that envy never assailed it, a public spirit so uniform that suspicion of self-interest never impugned it, a Christian consistency so unassuming that it escaped the sneers of the scoffer, and one whose moderation and wisdom in his public life, unmoved by partisan or sectional purposes, were doing much to close the gap of estrangement between the two great sections of this Union, which, happily for the good of this whole country, is every day becoming narrower and narrower, and will soon, I hope, be a thing of the past.

Address of Mr. DIBBLE, of South Carolina.

I imagine, Mr. Speaker, that the contribution of the most gifted individual to the sum total of the world's progress and prosperity is of itself comparatively insignificant; yet such contributions, when aggregated, and transmitted with accumulations from time to time, make up what we call the advance of civilization—the improvement of the human race. And it is likewise true that the enlightened policy of a nation as illustrated in the conduct of its public men is the safeguard of its future. The traditions of a people give direction to their aspirations, and tend to shape their national character. The hero or the statesman who has been through life a pattern of patriotic worth becomes after death the exemplar for the guidance of those whom he leaves behind him. It is in this respect that the eulogy upon the dead becomes a lesson of practical patriotism; the purposes of laudable ambition are transmitted from generation to generation; public and private virtue are kept untarnished, and love of country is blended with love of the good and the true. And in the land where the achievements of her sons live after them in story and in song, "monuments more lasting than brass," where history bestows, as an heir-loom, upon the children the honorable record of their sires—it is in such a land that freedom makes her lasting habitation, safe in the stronghold of a public opinion, consecrated by inheritance to the perpetuation of civil and religious liberty.

Three thousand years ago, in the Egypt of the Ptolemies, it was their custom to appoint magistrates to judge the memory of the deceased citizen, and to award to prince and the subject alike condemnation to the vicious, and to the virtuous the honor of a public eulogy granted to him by his country's laws. And although this custom has long since passed away, and judges sit no more in solemn quest over the ashes of the dead, yet fame has become such a tribunal; and as she dictates posterity listens to her decrees and history records them.

It has been well said that "it is right that the tomb should be a barrier between flattery and the prince, and that truth should begin where power ceases." And it is a matter of satisfaction to me, Mr. Speaker, that in recounting the incidents of the life of my deceased colleague and friend there is nothing that his friends would desire to pass over with the charity of silence, or that needs the embellishment of fulsome praise. It shall be my endeavor, therefore, to present in plain, unvarnished narrative the ontline of his career, secure in the assertion that purer man never entered this House, nor one who was possessed of a loftier sense of honor, a more conscien tious devotion to duty, than JOHN HAMILTON EVINS.

Such traits of character were his by inheritance. The families of Evins and Moore (from the latter of which he was descended on his mother's side) brought with them from the mother country energy, thrift, integrity, and piety. They came first into Pennsylvania and thence to Virginia and the Carolinas. Both families settled in South Carolina on Tyger River, in what is now Spartanburg County, prior to the Revolutionary war, and were ardent patriots in the struggle for independence. Alexander Evins, the grandfather of our late fellow-member, served as a soldier under "Mad Anthony Wayne," and was wounded so severely in the left shoulder at the storming of Stony Point, that most brilliant of all the battles of the war, as to have been disabled in his left arm for life. He changed the spelling of his surname from "Evans" to "Evins," substituting an "i" for the "a," because a brother of his had espoused the side of the King; and although the Tory left the country the family has retained this mode of spelling the

name ever since. This gallant patriot lies buried in the graveyard of Nazareth church, the oldest Presbyterian church in Spartanburg County—a house of worship of which he was one of the founders and a ruling elder. He left six sons, all of whom became leading citizens of their section of South Carolina, and four of whom were at different times members of the State legislature. One of them was Col. Samuel N. Evins, the father of JOHN H. EVINS.

Among his ancestry on his mother's side was General Thomas Moore, who fought in the battle of Cowpens against the British when a boy sixteen years old. In mature years he was prominent in the politics of the State, and was a member of Congress from South Carolina from 1801 to 1813, and again from 1815 to 1817; and in the interval between the two periods of service in this House he was in the field in the war of 1812, as a brigadier-general, commanding troops on the coast of South Carolina. He was a man of great public spirit, and was one of the founders of the first high-school in Spartanburg district, an institution which is still in existence. He was the great-grandfather of our deceased colleague.

JOHN HAMILTON EVINS was born at the ancestral homestead, on Tyger River, on the 18th day of July, 1830. In early life he enjoyed such advantages of education as the country afforded, besides the precept and example of parents who were distinguished for high-toned principle, broad views, liberal hospitality, and earnest Christian character. He received his higher education at the South Carolina College in its palmiest days, and graduated from that institution in the class of 1853.

I first knew him in 1855, when both of us were young men, living under the same roof. He was then a student of the law, to the practice of which he was shortly afterward admitted, and I, somewhat his junior, was a college student pursuing my last year's course. He was then, as all his associates have ever found him to be in later days, a warm-hearted friend, a courteous and cheerful companion, a just and honorable man. At this period of his life, in easy circumstances as to fortune, living in a section where his

ancestry for several generations had attained merited distinction in social, religious, and political circles; fitted by a liberal education for the practice of his chosen profession, and enjoying daily intercourse with the people of a refined and cultivated community, there opened before him the prospect of a happy and successful career. My deceased friend was fortunate in the possession of those traits which enabled him to utilize the advantages which surrounded him, and to achieve as high a degree of substantial success as his friends could have desired.

After his admission to the bar he was associated in practice with that distinguished jurist, Hon. Thomas N. Dawkins, afterward one of the judges of our State courts, and with Jefferson Choice, esq., an able and experienced lawyer at Spartanburg, S. C. Throughout his whole life he has been engaged in the active duties of the profession, except when in military service as an officer of South Carolina troops in the confederate army, or when serving his State in the legislature and in Congress. At the outbreak of hostilities between the States in 1861 he was an officer in the first company raised in Spartanburg, and fought gallantly in the first battle of Manassas and other conflicts of the war. At the battle of Seven Pines in 1862 he was so severely wounded in the left arm that amputation was proposed, but he refused his consent, and assumed the risk of the attempt to save the arm. This was accomplished through the skill and attention of his brother, who was a surgeon in the army, and the limb was preserved, but he was so seriously disabled as to be incapable of further active service in the field, and I am satisfied that the effects of this wound were felt by him during the rest of his life. He continued, however, in the performance of light military duty until his election to the State legislature of South Carolina, where he served two terms.

At the close of the war Colonel EVINS had suffered in fortune, in common with his neighbors, but did not repine; on the contrary, he went to work with all his energy to repair the disasters entailed upon the South by that fearful struggle. About this time he married Miss Hattie D. Choice, the daughter of his former partner at law. The union was a congenial one, and his was a happy home,

the seat of comfort, refinement, and generous hospitality. Successful at the bar, and enjoying the esteem and confidence of all who knew him, he was content to devote himself to his profession and to take a leading part in enterprises for the development of the resources of his native county and did not aspire to political honors. But in the agony of final reconstruction his State summoned him to her service. In 1876 he was tendered the nomination for Congress from his district without solicitation on his part, and for a time hesitated to accept it, but finally consented to do so as an act of duty, and was elected to the Forty-fifth Congress by a considerable majority. Since then he served continuously as the Representative of the fourth Congressional district of South Carolina, up to the time of his death.

Without endeavoring to enter into the details of his useful services as a member of this House, I will simply sum up his character as a public man by calling attention to that independence of thought and action, that freedom from all the arts and devices of the demagogue which distinguished his career. He was one of those who considered that the representative should not be like a weathercock, turning hither and thither according to every popular breeze, but that he should be rather a leader than a follower of public opinion in regard to matters pertaining to the work of legislation. He was of the class celebrated in the language of the classic poet:

Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
* * * * *
Mente quatit solida.

In the early days of the present Congress, his health, which had been gradually failing for some months, became more seriously affected, and he then informed his friends and constituency of his intention to decline a renomination, and to retire to private life. It was his hope at that time, and also that of his friends, that the eminent medical skill which he called to his assistance would avail to arrest the malady which threatened him. But alas! all fond anticipations of returning health were gradually dispelled by the inroads which disease slowly but surely made upon his constitu-

tion, until finally it was evident to himself and all his friends that in a short time he would be in the immediate presence of death.

For this emergency he had the preparation of a consistent Christian life. Calm and undismayed, and trusting in God, he was ready to die. I have alluded to the lines of Horace in illustration of his independence of thought and action as a Representative. I can with equal fitness apply to him, when awaiting the last mortal struggle, the omitted line of the stanza, and say—

Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.

The session of Spartanburg Presbyterian church after his death thus place placed among their minutes his religious record:

Colonel EVINS made a public profession of religion early in life, joining Nazareth, the church of his fathers. On the 4th of July, 1867, his membership was transferred to this church, and on the 28th of the same month he was ordained to the deaconship. He continued to serve in this office until promoted by the unanimous voice of the congregation to the eldership, to which he was ordained November 13, 1870. He was also superintendent of the Sabbath-school from 1868 until he entered Congress in 1877. He was also deeply interested in the welfare of the church, liberal in supporting every good work, true and wise as a counselor to his pastor, and in every respect almost valuable member and officer.

* * * His unswerving fidelity to religion, his genuine and practical loyalty to his own church, and his eminent purity of life, ever shone out brightly in all the circumstances in which he was placed, whether in the walks of private life, in the quiet pursuit of his profession, or amid the temptations of the military camp or of the national capital.

It was at his home in Spartanburg on Monday, October 20, 1884, that he quietly and peacefully breathed his last, passing literally from sleep to death.

And now—

'Tis little; but it looks, in truth,
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

Were I to yield, Mr. Speaker, to the emotions which arise as I recall to mind many incidents of my association with my departed friend, and feel how closely our lives were blended in the recent past, I would be unfitted for the discharge of the duty of this hour.

And I realize that when the country, in her legislative halls, laments the death of one of her public servants, there is little room in the liturgy of memorial ceremonies for the expression of a feeling of personal bereavement. Only around the desolate hearthstone, whence the loved one has departed, or in the select circle of his kinsmen and dearest friends, is there appropriate place for that sacred sorrow which shuns the public gaze; while here are uttered only "the lesser griefs that may be said."

And yet, while we, his fellow-members, are engaged in the last offices of respect to his memory, and are celebrating in solemn eulogy his public career, in his relations to his State as a citizen, to his constituency as a Representative, and as a legislator to his country, it is proper also to think of him as a true and tender husband and father, a trusty and warm-hearted friend, and an earnest and humble Christian.

And occasions like the present, interspersed here and there in the routine of our official occupations, furnish to us the opportunity for solemn reflection, teaching the frail tenure by which we maintain our foothold on earth ere we sink into our resting places beneath its surface. Is there not something for our inspiration, Mr. Speaker, in the example of one who has, as a sentinel upon his post, walked uprightly upon his appointed round holding fast to the watchwords of honor and of truth?

> No life
> Can be pure in its purpose, and strong in its strife,
> And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

Address of Mr. BROWNE, of Indiana.

These memorial occasions, Mr. Speaker, come to this House with frightful frequency. Those who meet here are one by one dropping by the wayside as they journey on. Not a session passes but we pause to embalm in the records of this body a tribute to the faithful public services of some honored Representative who has gone to "that undiscovered country." At each Congress there

are those who come to these halls ambitious of distinction, inspired by high resolves, buoyant with hope, and having promise of long and useful lives, who play their parts but for a day and are then called forever from their labors. This sorrowful experience repeats itself with unvarying regularity, and so it will be until the end. And yet how little we know of death save its certainty! We know it is appointed that all shall die, and that from this stern decree there is no appeal. To-day we speak words of tribute to the memory of one who sleeps under the sunny skies of the South; to-morrow we may be called to perform a like sad office for one whose new-made grave rests under the white raiment of the Northern snows. Who knows? Fortunately to none has been given the power to cast upon the horoscope the figure of our coming griefs, and we know

> But the page prescribed, the present state.

May we not here indulge the hope that of every tear of sorrow shed on the graves of our dead some good will be born, and that in the "destroyer's pathway there will spring up bright creations that will defy his power" and convert the valley of darkness into a pathway of light. May not this day repeat the solemn lesson that death reigns in all portions of time; that—

> The golden sun,
> The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
> Are shining on the sad abodes of death.

> The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues are the four quarters of the year, and all minister to death; and you can go no whither but you tread on dead men's bones.

I was not wholly unprepared, Mr. Speaker, for the announcement of the death of JOHN H. EVINS. While he was still with us, taking part in our counsels and in the business of this House, I was told by an eminent physician who had been consulted by him that he was incurably stricken by a malady that has long defied the skill of the medical profession, and that his life could be

prolonged but for a few months at most. It was difficult to believe that one I saw here almost daily in the performance of his public duties, who moved so calmly among us, was so soon to die; but, as was predicted, to that inexorable disease he soon fell a victim. Burdened, doubtless, with the consciousness that his pilgrimage was near its end, he stood at the post of duty until near the close of the session, when he left us, and, after a brief and fruitless search for health, returned to his home that his grave might be made in the land of his nativity and among those of his ancestors.

Mr. EVINS died just as he touched life's meridian. With his culture and intellectual equipment, his unexhausted resources, had health and life been spared him, what position might he not have attained! Who can tell? Who can measure what of effort and of achievement were prevented by that dread disease that held him in its grasp and drained the very fountains of his life? Who knows what it is to feel the life-current ebbing gently but slowly away? How the icy touch of the death malady must obscure every light and paralyze every energy! It was not my good fortune to know the deceased as he was known by those neighbors and associates who enjoyed his personal companionship and hospitality. Those who met him in the family circle, who sat at his table and by his hearth-stone, have fitly spoken of the excellence of his social and the refined purity and happiness of his domestic life. A happy home was his. How home hallows and elevates the human character! How cheerless would life be without its endearments, and how aimless our ambitions but for the impulse it gives to our efforts!

All bear witness to the uprightness of his daily life and his sterling integrity of character. He exemplified the sincerity of his Christian faith by his works—works in the fields of the Master. By no truer test than this can man be judged, for—

> 'Tis not the wide phylactery,
> The stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
> That make us saints; we judge the tree
> By what it bears.

That his personal and public life commanded the respect of his people is shown by the unanimity with which he was twice chosen to represent them in the Legislature of his State, and by four successive elections to a seat in this House. A manly character only could have inspired such confidence; a faithful service only could have secured its continuance. That he went to the field, that he put his life to the hazard of battle for the cause that had his sympathy, proved that he had the courage to follow, regardless of personal peril, his duty as God had given him to see to it. It has been said:

> No one knows what is absolutely right, but every one knows what he thinks to be right, and the highest law is obeyed by him who follows honestly the best light that shines within him and gains the approval of his conscience.

Who does better than he who puts his best thought, his highest and maturest convictions of right, into his life-work? Perfection is for God alone. Among men he deserves well who follows with unfaltering courage where his best and most enlightened judgment leads.

I but give voice to the spontaneous expression of an intelligent constituency, under whose eye passed in review every act of his private and public career, when I put on the enduring records of the national Congress their united testimony that JOHN H. EVINS was an honest man; that everywhere, at all times and in the largest and truest sense, he was an honest man and an incorruptible public servant; that his personal integrity was manifest in his professional and political life and in his every-day dealings. It is said of him that as an advocate he refused to prosecute those he thought innocent, or defend the cause that was tainted with dishonesty or wanting in the element of justice. What a commendable example was this to that high profession whose mission it is, regardless of the blandishments of power or the temptations of reward, to defend the right and secure redress for the wronged.

My first meeting with Mr. EVINS was in the Forty-fifth Congress. A trivial circumstance led me to seek his acquaintance. Emigrants from Virginia and the Carolinas, among whom were the sons of the men who fought with Morgan on the memorable field

of the Cowpens, settled more than a half a century ago in the Congressional district I have the honor to represent, and gave the name Spartanburg to the village in which for many pleasant years I made my home, and whose people for more than a third of a century have reposed in me an unmerited confidence. I desired to know the representative of the historic district of Spartanburgh, S. C., a section so familiar to many of my people, and that I enjoyed that honor will be one of the cherished memories of my life. My acquaintance with him began and ended here. It was a brief friendship, but was long enough to leave with me enduring impressions of the man. He was of nature's nobility and a typical representative of that section of our Union that in the colonial day gave to our Revolution and the cause of popular government such heroic men as Wood and White, Moore and Roderic.

From the first he impressed me by his dignified but gentle courtesy and his unostentatious personal bearing. He at once won my sincerest esteem. One who knew him intimately, one of his distinguished colleagues here, tells me that one of his most notable characteristics was his unobtrusive modesty; that this kept him from pressing forward here and asserting his title to the high position which by reason of his learning and his talents rightfully belonged to him. This statement is corroborated by my observation. Life, however, has no brighter ornament than a true and unadorned modesty, and the character in which this resides is always enriched by the noblest of virtues.

Mr. EVINS was in his very nature tolerant. I always found him most charitable to those who challenged his cherished beliefs. He let mere differences of opinion glide—

Into the silent hollows of the past.

Espousing opposite sides of the bloody controversy through which our people passed but a score of years ago, and widely separated as we were in opinion on many questions, we were in full accord in the hope that from the reunited Republic would be banished every hate; that every wound would be healed; that the waste places would be repaired, and there be ushered in a new and enduring era of prosperity and fraternity. He was a disciple of

that great Teacher who taught the inspired philosophy that the most heroic revenge was the return of good for evil. With me he believed this truth should be taught in every pulpit, inscribed on the doors of every temple and on the folds of every banner.

It is a pleasing faith that God has planted in the human heart the germ of an unresting progress, and that in His own good time it will unfold a charity strong enough to paralyze the ambitions of men and convert armies and navies into ministers of peace and love. It will be a glorious era when love takes the government of men out of the hands of force. How beautiful would be that reign, how bloodless and painless its triumphs! If, as the astronomers tell us, the moon with its white arms reaches down and lifts the mighty billows of the sea toward the stars, may not pity reach down and lift the impulses of the human heart to love and God, and banish violence and warfare from the world forever?

Mr. EVINS was a member of the church, a consistent follower of the Nazarine, and lived and died in the Christian's faith that there is in the universe an overruling Providence and an immortal life beyond the grave. With that cold materialism of the age which teaches the annihilation of the human soul he had no sympathy. Who can believe that beyond the grave there is only nothingness?

> If that marvelous microcosm, man, with all the costly cargo of his faculties and powers, were indeed a rich argosy, fitted out and freighted only for shipwreck and destruction, who among us that tolerate the present only from the hope of the future, who that have any aspirings of a high and intellectual nature about them, could be brought to submit to the disgusting mortifications of the voyage?

True, no thought comes to us from the mute lips of the dead. They do not speak to us across the darkness. They display no beacon from the shoreless beyond to light us through the gloomy abyss; but—

> A voice within us speaks the startling word,
> "Man, thou shalt not die!" Celestial voices
> Hymn it 'round our souls; according harps,
> By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
> Of morning sang together, sound forth still
> The song of our great immortality!

Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.

* * * * *

The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

Is it probable that creative wisdom would have made gross matter eternal, indestructible, and provided that sensation, life, only should be forever destroyed?

Although JOHN H. EVINS is dead He who every springtime with sunshine and shower touches the bosom of the earth that the rose and the jasmine may come forth and shed their fragrance and beauty on the world will not allow a human soul, the very culmination of his creation, to remain forever in the night of the grave. Sorrowing friends and a mourning household find consolation in this sad hour in the thought that there is a light radiating from the cross haloing the world with its brightness, glowing with divine beauty—the light of an example and a Christian philosophy—that points the soul to a better life and implants within the human heart both a hope and a faith in the resurrection.

Address of Mr. HARDEMAN, of Georgia.

Mr. SPEAKER: The destiny of man is dissolution, and the history of material organization is decay. To know our end is the lesson of life, for life in its entire analysis is but a lesson; its preface the cradle, its finale the grave. The great voice that John heard out of heaven saying, "There shall be no more death," was not the language of earth, but the unmistakable vernacular of that celestial land above. "Dust to dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes," is the idiom of earth, voiced by the shroud, the coffin, and the grave. To that voice this House is listening to-day, as it comes from the grave of JOHN H. EVINS, of South Carolina, who but a few months ago responded to our roll-call and was zealously engaged in the discharge of official duties and public trusts. His death has made

another blank page in our Congressional history. How many are there in our book of records, each one suggesting to the living that their names will soon be written in the journal of death. Looking upon those pages I commune with the past—with its hopes and disappointments, its victories and its defeats, its life and its death. The living present recalls the dead past. The "now" reviews the "before" and foreshadows the "hereafter." The Representatives living walk in the cemetery where their comrades sleep, and read upon the tombstones the epitaphs and eulogies of those who have passed away. Among the sleepers there, none were more entitled to respect than was he whose funeral ceremonies we are observing to-day. Born on Southern soil and under sunny skies, he imbibed in his nature their genial attributes, as evidenced in the gentleness of his manner, the warmth of his nature, and the purity of his life. Devoted to the South, his whole being was fired with an ardent love for the welfare of his people, the honor of his section, and the glory of his State. Patriotism with him was an innate principle.

It mattered not, whether upon the tented field battling for what he deemed "the right" or in this Hall counseling reconciliation and peace, but one star went before him to light his way. That was the star of patriotic duty, and the light of that star was only obscured by the night of death. Upright in his deportment, warm in his friendship, truthful in his nature, and exemplary in character, he commanded the esteem of all who knew him. Honored by his fellow-citizens for a series of years with State and Federal offices, he performed their duties with strict fidelity, retaining to the close of his life the unwavering confidence of those he was serving. Sensitive in his nature, quiet and retiring in his manners, studious, as far as a weak constitution would permit, he was most appreciated by those with whom he was best acquainted. Fidelity to principle was the chart of his life. Duty discharged the rule of his action. He had a presentiment for months that his end was approaching, so the summons was not unexpected and the grim monster found him panoplied in the armor of a Christian faith and ready for his summons. It soon came.

On the 20th October last, when nature was clothing herself in

saffron and autumn was searing flower and forest, he went down to the grave "like a shock of corn that cometh in his season." In scanning the actions of his life, nothing that was unmanly or unbecoming met the eye; for his life was irreproachable; for, Enoch-like, "he walked with God." Stricken down in the meridian of life and the zenith of his usefulness, his loss will be felt around the family altar, where his qualities of head and heart shone most brightly, in the circle of friends that he enlivened with a refined geniality, and in this legislative hall, where he was serving with ability his fourth term. A man of education and intelligence, his convictions were the outgrowth of an enlightened judgment, and though unpretentiously asserted, they were maintained with inflexible firmness—not the firmness born of self-conceit and inordinate vanity, but that which is prompted by a consciousness of right and modest merit.

Serving with him upon a committee of this House of which he was chairman, I soon learned to estimate his character and appreciate his solid worth. To the members composing that committee it became apparent early in the session that he was laboring under a malady that had numbered his days. We were not surprised when the end was announced. The book of his life has been closed, and if we are not permitted to break the seals thereof we can profitably recall the memory of him whose name is written therein, associated as it is with a life of usefulness, of strict integrity, of noble impulses and Christian graces. In recalling his memory, in reviewing his life, we are forcibly reminded that—

> Our lives are albums, written through
> With good or ill, with false or true;
> And as the blessed angels turn
> The pages of our years,
> God grant they read the good with smiles,
> And bless the ills with tears.

The history we now make will live after we go hence, for, as was written by Paul, "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Truly may this be said of him whose memory we now commemorate; for though he has passed away he yet lives in precept and Christian example. As the winds that sweep over a bed

of violets bear on their wings their fragrant perfume, so does a pure life carry with it the fragrance of noble deeds, exemplary virtues, and Christian graces. But such a life is no barrier against the approach of the fell destroyer; and, yielding to his power, our companion fell.

> Then gave his name to the world again—
> His blessed past to Heaven; then slept in peace.

Peaceful be the repose, for he only sleeps. The beautiful flower, scorched by summer's suns or blighted by autumn's frost, withers and apparently dies; but it does not die; it only falls to sleep in the lap of winter and will bloom again when "the springtime cometh." So our friend has fallen to sleep on the bosom of his Saviour, there to remain until the Father wakes him to the joys of eternal life. With great satisfaction we can review his character, so strong in its structure, so complete in its appointments, so polished in its finish. And callous is the heart to all instincts of the good and the true who can contemplate the life of such a man, so pure, so gentle, so lovely while in health, so patient in sickness, so calm and triumphant in death, and not exclaim with Balaam, "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his."

Address of Mr. GEORGE, of Oregon.

Mr. SPEAKER: I wish to add a few words of tribute to the memory of our departed friend.

Although I had but a limited acquaintance with Mr. EVINS, I learned to respect him for his many good qualities of mind and heart.

His integrity of character was of the highest order, and he was positive in his convictions of right and duty.

As a law-maker he was not bound by local limits, but entered fully into the spirit of legislation for all sections.

Though representing States far distant, we were often drawn together on common ground in matters of legislative interest. I always found him kind and considerate, sociable and earnest.

I state my own impressions very briefly concerning his life and character, and leave to others who knew him longer and more intimately the duty of a more elaborate recital of his life and services. It is a day of sadness for all who knew him.

Our late associate, so universally esteemed, now lies beneath the sod, and under the pine and the palmetto of his native State. May his many good deeds long be remembered! May his memory ever brighten!

Address of Mr. DOWD, of North Carolina.

Mr. SPEAKER. My acquaintance with the deceased may be said to have commenced upon the occasion of the funeral of the late President Garfield. Before that I had met Colonel EVINS on one or two occasions only, and our acquaintance was merely casual, although our homes were but sixty miles apart. During the long and melancholy trip to Cleveland, Ohio, and back, we were much in each other's company. There was no one in the entire party whom I had ever met before except Colonel EVINS, and I naturally gravitated to him as a neighbor and friend.

From the beginning of the Forty-seventh Congress our relations grew closer and our friendship stronger. During that Congress I was more intimate with Colonel EVINS than with any other member of the House. We boarded at the same hotel, occupied seats at the same table, and sat near each other in this Hall. We often lunched together, occasionally attended church and theaters together, and frequently took long walks and drives through the city. I think I knew him well. I believe I thoroughly understood his character.

I am not of those who believe that all good is in the past, or that only good men die. I have said upon another occasion that the true office of eulogy is not the bestowal of indiscriminate praise. The highest test of character is to place the good and the bad in sharp contrast. I am no enthusiast, but think I can discern the imperfections as well as the merits even of very warm friends. Nor do I believe any man can be absolutely free from guile, or that

much good can be found in the world unmixed with evil. On the contrary, I believe that everywhere within the domain of human existence evil and good, if not actually intermixed, are in close proximity, Nothing is perfect; no man can be perfect. And yet, I say with deliberation that I have never known a better man than JOHN HAMILTON EVINS. I have known men of greater intellects and greater learning, men of more obtrusive and conspicuous qualities, but I have never known a more conscientious and thoroughly good man. Long ago he must have fought life's supremest battle and gained the victory over self. Early in life he must have put in complete subjection those evil impulses and passions which are the common heritage of us all, and which surely conquer all who do not conquer them, and by which so many thousands and tens of thousands of weaker men, after struggling against them for years, have at last been enslaved and ruined.

While I knew Mr. EVINS I am sure he never did anything which he believed was wrong. He held an easy mastery over all manner of temptation. Without regard to pain or pleasure, he never for an instant hesitated between what was right and what was even dubious or questionable in its character. He was a sincere and genuine Christian. He believed in the Bible, the God of the Bible, and all its teachings, as naturally and as implicitly as the babe warms and glows in the mellow radiance of a mother's love. The precepts of that Great Book were his guide through life, and its promises and assurances were, no doubt, his solace and comfort as he approached the valley and shadow of death. I had not the pleasure to know much of the domestic life of Colonel EVINS, but it was evidently beautiful and lovely in the highest degree. He left a widow, who must have been from the day of their marriage indeed "an helpmeet for him." He left also a large and interesting family of children. A recent letter from Mrs. Evins contains the following pathetic and touching language:

> Of my loss it is impossible for me as yet to speak; bereft of such a husband, with the terrible responsibility of bringing up our children without the help and comfort of his living presence, I feel my burden to be almost greater than I can bear. My trust, however, is in the God of the widow and orphan, and I know he will not forsake us.

I append and beg to present in connection with my remarks the minutes of Spartanburg Presbyterian church, adopted at a session held November 10, 1884, which very fully and very accurately portrays the sterling qualities and exalted merits of the lamented deceased:

Minutes adopted by the session of Spartanburg church, November 10, 1884.

JOHN HAMILTON EVINS was born of pious parentage, at the family homestead, on Tyger River, Spartanburg District, South Carolina, July 18, 1830. His father, Col. Samuel N. Evins, was a man of broad intellect, sterling integrity, high-toned principle, and Christian zeal; and his mother a woman of decided character and earnest piety. He thus grew up under the most wholesome influences, receiving from his childhood that stamp of character which he developed in manhood. Possessed of ample means, his father gave him such advantages of education, both in the common school and the college, as the country afforded, and he was graduated at South Carolina College in 1853. Soon after this he began the study of law at Spartanburg, and was admitted to the bar in 1856. To his profession he devoted himself with energy and success, and won a high place in the legal fraternity of this section.

Upon the breaking out of the civil war in 1861 he promptly tendered his services to his native State, and served faithfully in the Confederate army, first as lieutenant and afterward as captain of the Spartan Rifles. He was severely wounded in the left shoulder at the battle of Seven Pines, and was disabled from further active service in the field, but was nevertheless promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and assigned to lighter military duty nearer home. While thus detained at home he was elected to the State Legislature, and served there in the sessions of 1863 and 1864.

After the war he resumed the practice of law, in which he was actively and constantly engaged until 1876, when, in the great political struggle for the recovery of the State from the hands of aliens and plunderers, he was nominated for Congress from the fourth Congressional district, and was elected by a large majority. At three successive elections he was again chosen to the same high office, and continued to serve faithfully and well in the National Legislature until arrested by death.

Colonel EVINS made a public profession of religion early in life, joining Nazareth, the church of his fathers. On the 4th July, 1867, his membership was transferred to this church, and on the 28th of the same month he was ordained to the deaconship. He continued to serve in this office until promoted by the unanimous voice of the congregation to the eldership, to which he was ordained November 13, 1870. He was also superintendent of the Sabbath school from 1868 until he entered Congress in 1877. He was deeply interested in the welfare of the church, liberal in supporting every good work, true and wise as a counselor to his pastor, and in every respect a most valuable member and officer. About one year ago his health began to fail, and upon consultation with eminent physicians in Washington he became convinced that

he was the subject of incurable disease. He bore this fearful conviction calmly and with Christian courage and resignation, at the same time diligently using all human means that gave promise of relief. But he gradually sank under the steady encroachments of disease. His heart had become seriously affected and his lungs so obstructed thereby that breathing at times became difficult and painful. Yet his mind remained clear and his spirits cheerful. He was well aware that his days were few, but he was not disturbed at the thought, his confidence resting in God. And on Monday, October 20, about 11 o'clock a. m., calmly and without a struggle, fell asleep while sitting in his chair at his home in Spartanburg.

The tidings quickly spread throughout the city, and the whole community mourned his loss. The next day the funeral services were held in the church where he had so often and so long delighted to worship God. An immense concourse of people, more than the house could contain, gathered to pay the last tribute of respect to one whom all honored and cherished. The pastor conducted the services, assisted by the Rev. R. H. Reid, the former pastor and warm personal friend of the deceased, and the Rev. Ellison Capers, who had attended with a delegation from the city of Greenville; and the body was solemnly and sadly laid away in the family plat of the town cemetery to await the resurrection of the just.

Colonel EVINS was married in 1865 to Miss Hattie D. Choice, the daughter of his former law partner, and she, with eight children, the youngest an infant of five months, survives him. He was a tender husband and a wise and conscientious parent, and the loss to his family in his untimely removal is sad and inestimable.

Our lamented brother was a man of noble impulses, of exalted principles, and of most exemplary life. His character possessed a completeness and beauty rarely found on earth, and the virtues which distinguished him were many, excellent, and striking. His unswerving fidelity to religion, his genuine and practical loyalty to his own church, and his eminent purity of life ever shone out brightly in all the circumstances in which he was placed, whether in the walks of private life, in the quiet pursuit of his profession, amid the temptations of the military camp, or the corrupt atmosphere of the national capital. And withal he was a public-spirited citizen, who lived and labored not for selfish gain and aggrandizement, but always felt a lively interest and performed an active part in anything looking to the welfare of the community, the State, or the country. The loss of such a man may well be mourned and his example sacredly treasured.

Address of Mr. LANHAM, of Texas.

Mr. SPEAKER: There are two occasions in the proceedings of this House when no sound of tumult cometh to mar its grave decorum or disturb its solemn stillness. The one is when we bow the head at the voice of prayer; the other is in the obituary service we are

accustomed to perform when one of its members has yielded to the ultimate appointment of our race and gone the way of all the earth. Reverence for the Deity and respect for our holy religion prompt us in the one case; regard for the dead and a forced recognition of our own mortality move us in the other. Our attention is arrested, clamor ceases, the proprieties of dignified silence are observed, and we cannot escape a serious and profound reflection. The latter occasion is once more upon us, and I obey the impulse of my heart when, participating in these ceremonies, I offer my humble contribution to the work of this hour and attempt to bear testimony to the worthy life and excellent character of my departed friend and brother Carolinian. It seems not inappropriate that I should do so, for I have known the deceased from my boyhood. We were born and reared in the same county. He was the honored and trusted representative of my people and kindred. Little would it have been imagined years ago, when I bade him and other friends of my youth farewell and quitted my early home to seek a settling-place "in the land of the setting sun," that he and I should long afterward be reunited in these Halls to mingle a while together and enjoy the fellowship of other days, then to part again in death, and that I should be called upon in this presence to perform the sad duty which now devolves upon me.

> Who knows the ways of the world,
> How God will bring them about?

Life is strange; personal history is mysterious. The vicissitudes of humanity, the multiplied and diversified incidents which make up our pilgrimages through the world, the transitions, the separations and reunions, the changes of the times and our changes in them, the innumerable strange things that come to pass along the journey of life; and then the fallings by the wayside, the scenes and circumstances which attend "the inevitable hour," the periods and methods at and by which we are taken off, the inscrutable purposes involved, all carry with them their often sad and always instructive lessons, and serve to impress upon the minds of thoughtful men a confirmation of that philosophy which teaches that—

> There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will.

I shall never forget how kindly and cordially he received me here, the welcome he gave me, the generous pleasure he evinced at meeting his former county-man in this body, the unselfish interest he took in my behalf, how readily and cheerfully he instructed me in my new duties, giving me the results of his own experience and offering friendly and needful suggestions for my guidance. My gratitude, my esteem, my affection toward him daily grew and strengthened by the renewal of our intercourse and his numerous offices of friendship and kindness. Whether I can now speak of him as I would desire or as becomes the occasion, my tribute is at least sincere and heartfelt.

He once said, "In this dark world of ours there is no richer gem than sorrow's diadem—a tear." I can, indeed, give to his memory that "test of affection," and say of a truth that I deplore his loss and grieve that he is no more. His death, which occurred at his home in Spartanburg, S. C., October 20, 1884, was not unexpected to me, for I had observed with constant solicitude and increasing apprehension the fearful inroads which a dreadful and fatal malady was rapidly making upon his strength and constitution; and when a few weeks before the adjournment of the last session he was compelled to seek the supposed benefits of a different climate and healing waters, and told me good-bye, I felt and feared it was the last time I should see him in the flesh.

JOHN HAMILTON EVINS was born in Spartanburg district, South Carolina, July 18, 1830. He was graduated from the South Carolina College in 1853, when to bear a diploma from that institution was to bespeak a thorough and classic education, and to carry a passport to the best circles of refinement and culture. He chose the law for his profession, and successfully practiced the same until the beginning of the war. He joined the confederate army, and rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. His army life meant actual service, exposure to danger and loss of blood. He always had "a place in the picture near the flashing of the guns," and was severely wounded at the battle of Seven Pines. No man made better record as a soldier.

For two years he represented his district with great efficiency

and acceptability in the legislature of his native State, and in 1876 he was nominated for Congress, and went vigorously to work in what then appeared a most difficult undertaking, to assist in the redemption of the State he loved so well from the conditions of misrule and political degradation to which her people had been reduced. Immediately succeeding the war the lot of no Southern State was easy; that of South Carolina was harder than all. She was the inviting prey of roving and greedy adventurers who gathered about her prostrate form and fattened upon her misery. Not the valiant soldiery who had defeated her in war—not these, heroic and chivalrous, who always

> Raise the foe when in battle laid low,
> And bathe every wound with a tear—

not patriotic and established citizens of any State who could claim a permanent local habitation, or were inspired by a pure purpose of genuine and salutary reconstruction for the common good of the common country; but migratory spoilsmen and local recreants, itinerant stirrers of strife and home agitators of discord, who never saw the smoke of battle, found their special field of operation in the Palmetto State, and sought by every means to aggravate, mortify, humiliate, and crush her suffering people. Disquietude and antagonisms were excited and kept alive as the appointed means of selfish gain. It was amid such conditions as these, and infinitely worse than here described, the recollection of which is not revived from any partisan motive but to illustrate his important service—when success seemed almost hopeless—that Colonel EVINS was summoned to the front by his confiding and admiring people, and right gallantly he bore their standard and led them on to victory. He was re-elected for three successive terms, and, owing to his declining health, voluntarily retired, when it was well known that he could have received a fifth nomination.

My actual knowledge of his Congressional service is limited to the present term and what I saw of him in the committee of which he was chairman and on the floor of the House in the last session; but I have learned from others that his course has been uniformly commendable, manly, and patriotic. He seems to have possessed

in an unusual degree the esteem and confidence of those with whom he has been associated here, without regard to political creed or party affiliation. Exemplary conduct, daily walk and conversation exceptionally pure, habits discreet and temperate, methods direct and honorable, a correct and stainless private and public life are universally affirmed of him. He was a quiet, observant, thoughtful man, accustomed to a careful and considerate analysis of the right or wrong of a measure. He was not afflicted with any undue or indecent eagerness for mere *pro forma* public utterance, but spoke only when actuated by a sense of duty and the necessity of the case, and then earnestly and honestly.

He was singularly free from any disposition for mere empty display or artificial appearance. He disdained disguise and despised dissimulation. He was a thoroughly earnest man. His influence, although quietly exerted and employing only such forces as appeal to reflecting minds, was always cogent and pervasive. All men had respect for his judgment and the rectitude and soundness of his convictions. He might not perhaps be classed as a great and distinguished statesman in the usual acceptation of the term, and yet I think he was an extraordinary man, and that he towered among his fellows in all the solid and sterling elements of character. He was safe, accurate, sound, and practical. He was positive, reliable, and useful; always trusted, never doubted. In him, wherever a true man was wanted a true man was found. Such are the men who enact wise and wholesome legislation. This cannot be said of erratic, uncertain, and visionary men, how brilliant soever they may be. It can be well remarked of him, as he said of his deceased colleague, Mr. O'Connor:

> No constituency ever had a more faithful and devoted Representative, South Carolina no truer son, the cause of liberty no firmer friend, tyranny and wrong no more relentless foe.

I come now, Mr. Speaker, to say a word of his higher manhood and "holier chivalry." It was once observed by an eminent religious philosopher that—

> In Christianity, and in Christianity alone, can be discovered character in harmonious wholeness, at once the "*righteous* man," high in the practice of

all social virtues, stern in his inflexible adhesion to the utter right, and the "*good* man," who has won for himself a revenue of affection, at whose name men's eyes sparkle and their spirits glow as if a sunbeam glinted in.

He had this "harmonious wholeness." He was an efficient elder in the Presbyterian Church and a consistent Christian. He was always ready with hand and purse in the encouragement of religious enterprises. From the appeals of charity he turned not away. He preserved in his metropolitan associations and public life the same devotion to his religious obligations which he practiced at home and among his friends and neighbors.

It requires a true heroism to withstand the solicitations to vice and dissipation which abound in high places. It must be confessed that temptations lie thick in the pathway of a public man at the Federal capital. The allurements of the world, the pomp and pageantry of sin, are difficult to resist. To keep a conscience void of offense and maintain an unsullied moral or religious life bring into constant requisition the highest capabilities and strongest forces of resolution. He who can safely pass the ordeal is indeed a hero and entitled to wear a victor's wreath. No human perception can fully discern the spiritual relations which subsist between a man and his Maker, but from what was seen and known of the deceased can be found comforting evidence upon which to predicate the conviction that he kept himself "unspotted from the world." He believed that the bane of public life was immorality and irreligion, and carefully avoided the appearance of either. He exemplified the personal excellence of true Christian character. He died in the triumph of his faith. I believe if a man die he shall live again, and that the deathless spirit of my friend has passed the gate and entered into the city of everlasting peace.

His day has come, not gone;
His sun has risen, not set;
His life is now beyond
The reach of death or change,
Not ended, but begun.

All that was mortal of him rests in the old graveyard at home, among the ashes of the generations of his people who have preceded him to the silent land. The memory of his virtues will

live on and remain bright and beautiful in the hearts of those who knew and loved him. He has left to his family and friends a heritage better than riches—a good name. Ere long and the time will come when each of us shall also "sleep with our fathers." May we profit by his example; live a life of equal rectitude; be as ready for the final departure as he was, and at last rejoin him in the bright beyond.

Address of Mr. TILLMAN, of South Carolina.

Mr. SPEAKER: Although it is as natural to die as to be born, yet the beginning of life is nearly always associated with joy and hope, while its ending is attended with sorrow and sometimes despair.

This is especially the case when a Christian gentleman, wise, good, practical, patriotic, like our late associate, JOHN HAMILTON EVINS, is stricken down in the meridian of his powers and usefulness.

The death of the aged does not shock the sensibilities, because it is expected in the course of nature as the fulfillment of destiny; but the abrupt departure forever of one in the prime of life, who had the happiness of many in his keeping, lacerates feelings that time alone can heal and creates a void which nothing can fill.

Our friend, Colonel EVINS, died at the early age of fifty-four, sixteen years short of the span allotted to man by the psalmist; and, in addition to a large family of his own to care for, he was the trusted friend and adviser of hundreds, yea thousands, who had long learned to rely upon him as guide, neighbor, benefactor, attorney, and lawgiver. A mere statement of these fact would be sufficient answer to the questions, Will JOHN H. EVINS be missed; and is the dedication of this day to the commemoration of his virtues and services a sincere tribute to his worth, or is it a ceremonious mockery?

From time immemorial, among all peoples, when a faithful and capable public servant has been cut off in the midst of his career, a suitable record of his life and character has been made, partly

from a sense of gratitude, but mostly in justice to the dead and to encourage the living to imitate his example. This is meet and proper. The world's successful men, who preserve their good names untarnished while they succeed, are too few to be permitted to pass into oblivion. As less than one in ten is said to so succeed, the best method perhaps to stimulate the living to fight the battle of life nobly is to make a permanent record of the conduct and character of every deceased citizen who honorably acted a conspicuous part.

Probably nothing contributed so much to the developement of the manhood, the intellect, and the greatness of Rome as the honors she paid to her illustrious dead by pronouncing elaborate funeral orations over them and burying them with imposing ceremonies, usually near a public highway, and erecting splendid monuments to perpetuate their fame. Propinquity is a great moral power; and hence it is that the choice young spirits of every separate community generally select their best native models by which to mold their own character with as much fidelity as the writing of a schoolboy conforms to his copy-plate. The emulation which prevented Themistocles from sleeping when he reflected on the glories of Miltiades was an ennobling sentiment, and it should be nurtured in the rising generation everywhere and at all times by bestowing appropriate honors upon the distinguished dead and by the recital of their merits.

Colonel EVINS was not a great man, but he certainly had many great qualities of head and heart that deserve to be remembered; and he so conducted himself in all the relations of life, both public and private, that the youth of the country would do well to tread in his footsteps. Posterity may be able to properly appreciate the intellect and achievements of a dead man, but it is only his surviving contemporaries, his friends and intimate acquaintances, who can fairly estimate his character. I claim the privilege of attempting to do this for our late associate, not only because he was my colleague here and in the legislature of our native State, but because we were life-long friends. I had ample opportunity to know him well, and if I could only describe him as he

really was, without a particle of exaggeration, his memory would never perish.

As I said, he was a remarkable man, both intellectually and morally, and, like nearly all noted men, he was largely indebted to his mother's early training for his after success. She was a women of unusual strength of mind and character, and so indoctrinated her children by precept and example in the principles of probity, industry, and piety that Colonel EVINS never forgot those principles. His father was likewise a man of sterling worth, and left his children a good property, as well as a good example to imitate.

Both his paternal and maternal ancestors emigrated from Pennsylvania to Spartanburg County, South Carolina, many years before the Revolutionary war. His name is of Welsh origin, but he also had Scotch blood in his veins, and he united, both in mind and character, in a high degree, the leading faculties and traits of both nationalities of his forefathers. He combined all the patience, prudence, conservatism, benignity, and plodding industry of the Welshman with the quickness of perception, mental acumen, clear analysis, sound judgment, strong religious faith, practicality, persistence, and thrift of the Scotchman. In a few words, he had common sense, an honest heart, and tireless energy—the three indispensable prerequisites to honorable success.

He toiled while others slept and worked when others idled, and therefore it was that he outstripped more brilliant competitors. He never believed in luck or duplicity as a means to attain an end, but always relied upon labor, truth, and manly methods in whatever he undertook.

One secret of his success was his thorough preparation on all accasions. His motto was *festina lenta*. In his early days, although blessed with robust health, studious habits, and abundant means to pursue his education, he never completed his collegiate course and gained admission to the bar until he was twenty-six years of age. But when he did come to the legal forum he was so fully equipped for "the occasion sudden and practice dangerous" that he at once took front rank among some of the ablest country lawyers in America, which position he held until his failing health and exact-

ing duties as a member of this House compelled him in a measure to relinquish his profession.

Another cause of his nearly uniform success at the bar, in the political arena, and in private business, was his almost unerring judgment. While he preferred time to examine carefully every phase or relation of a subject, still, in an emergency, he had all the lightning-like accuracy of intuition belonging to the Scottish race, which generally is so clear-headed that it can follow a principle through a maze of rubbish or split a hair without cutting into either side. Whether with or without sufficient time to consider a given proposition or state of facts, he hardly ever reached a wrong conclusion, and his most confidential associates, myself among the number, habitually distrusted their own judgment when it differed from his. This God-given faculty of common sense not only contributed largely to his success, but it likewise explained, when taken in connection with his honesty and industry, why he had so much influence both in private and public affairs. Every succeeding Congress in which he served only increased his strength here and and his popularity among his constituents.

Colonel EVINS was not an orator, but he was emphatically a logician who could trace cause and effect, link by link; not a man of words, but of action; a dealer in fact, not fancies, yet he cherished the loftiest sentiments. He was well read, particularly in history; but he spent the prime of his life in the laborious study of the law as a science, as a whole, not by mere desultory or case reading. He mastered not only its general principles but the qualifying exceptions, and he was familiar with most of the leading cases, fixing each in both American and English jurisprudence.

As an attorney he brought no suit except he believed it to be right. Having brought it, he as completely identified himself with his client's cause as if it had been his own. His mind was pre-eminently judicial, equally expert at analysis or synthesis, and he would have adorned any bench.

His acquirements and his tastes better fitted him for his profession than for politics, and he made a great sacrifice both of feeling and interest when he left the bar to serve in Congress. But duty

called him to the political field, and he promptly obeyed, because to do his whole duty was ever the dominating principle of his character. In fact, his unselfish devotion to duty may truly be said to have hastened his end.

When his State in 1860 summoned her sons to arms, he was one of the first to respond, and went to the front with his command, where he proved himself a true soldier at the first battle of Manassas. He continued in active service, participating in all the skirmishes and combats of the army of Northern Virginia, until, while engaged in a terrific struggle at Seven Pines, he received a very dangerous wound in the arm by a ball which splintered the bone just below the shoulder-joint. For a long while he patiently endured intense agony, the irritation of the wound causing much suffering, threatening to compel amputation; but the skillful and tender nursing of his brother Thomas Evins, a Confederate surgeon, saved his arm. Although never able to rejoin his regiment again, feeble as he was and with his arm still in a sling, as lieutenant-colonel he took command of the home-guard in Spartenburg County, and effectually protected that and the adjoining counties against the incursions of deserters and native marauders from the mountain fastnesses until the close of the war.

He then resumed the practice of his profession, in which he soon acquired a large, paying clientage, much of which adhered to him even after he became a member of Congress. But the double labor of attorney and Representative in the National Legislature was too much for his enfeebled constitution, which had never entirely recovered from the violent shock to his nervous system caused by his severe wound in the war. He frequently complained in his latter days that he had been overworked. All of you can bear witness how laborious the life of a faithful Congressman is. Most of you remember how punctual and thorough Colonel EVINS was in the discharge of all his duties here until his health broke down. It had been against his wishes that he was translated from the quiet walks of private life and the lucrative practice of his profession to the exciting, irregular, exacting forum of politics. He neither had fondness for the hustings nor relish for the rough-and-

tumble debates and scrambles of this House; but as he was selected, without any premeditation on his part, in 1876, to lead a "forlorn hope" for Congress, he could not refuse, and his constituency would have kept him here indefinitely if his failing health had not compelled him to decline a fifth election.

Moreover, neither the impure and heated air of this Hall, nor the climate of this city, with its fickle and sudden extremes, nor the habits and customs of public life here could prove anything but injurious to a man in Colonel EVINS's state of health. Bright's disease was said to have been the immediate cause of his death, but his disabling wound, his uncongenial Congressional life, and the trying climate of Washington, one or all, must have contributed largely to aggravate his disease if not to produce it. He often expressed regret that he had ever permitted himself to be drawn into politics, but said his people would have it so, and it was his duty to serve them. Any one who knew him before he was badly wounded could not but remark, ever afterward, how sadly that wound had marred his striking physique and commanding presence. Before that calamity he was tall, erect, lithe, and strong—the picture of vigorous health—with the grace, gallantry, and courtly bearing of a troubadour; but after the wound, notwithstanding much of all these remained, he never was himself again. Therefore it may justly be said he died prematurely—a martyr to duty.

Colonel EVINS was a singularly diffident man, particularly in public speaking. While always modest yet self-possessed in conversation, he still could not rise to address a jury, the House, or the hustings without seeming actually bashful. One of his friends used to say he was the coolest man in a chair and the most frustrated man on his feet in the world. This absence of self-possession, or perhaps I ought to say his lack of sufficient "brass," was a great drawback to him, as it often kept him from talking when he was much fuller of the topic under discussion than most of the blatant, self-sufficient orators who monopolized the debate. You all recollect he never could rise to speak on this floor, even after seven years' service here, without blushing like a timid, embarrassed girl; yet you also remember he was equal to every occasion. He

failed in nothing, not even in public speaking, simply because duty, his pole star, forbade. His lack of self-confidence as a speaker has been so aptly described by a friendly hand that I must read it:

> When he first began to speak his natural diffidence would so overpower him as to make it painful to his friends to witness his discomfiture; but with an indomitable will he would subjugate his own self-consciousness, and rising to the demands of the occasion would soon transform an apparent failure into a brilliant success. He never succeeded in overcoming his natural diffidence only in so far as to be able always to fully meet the requirements of the cause which called him before the public. It was only a sense of duty that brought him before the public gaze, and that he always met at any sacrifice to his personal comfort or convenience. The success of his public career was due to this: his conscience was stronger than his consciousness.

And just as he always overcame his strong reluctance to public speaking, when it was his duty to do so, he likewise followed the dictates of his conscience first in espousing the cause of secession at the command of his State and then in regarding the war as having forever settled that question. No man at the South more cheerfully acquiesced in the supremacy of the Union and the abolition of slavery than Colonel EVINS, and up to the end of his busy life he did all he could to rebuild the ruins of the South and to restore fraternal relations between the sections. As he was human, of course he could not at all times wholly divorce himself from the feeling of sectionalism or partisanship, but he was as free from carrying either to excess by vote or speech as any member of this body.

Among his many virtues he had high public spirit, and felt a deep solicitude, as well as aided with his means to the best of his ability, to establish every enterprise intended to develop the resources or promote the general welfare of the community in which he was born, lived, and died. Although reduced from affluence to poverty by the war, he was so successful at the bar and other business that he accumulated a moderate competency for his large family. And notwithstanding he was a splendid economist, there was nothing of the miser about him, and his hand was open to the unfortunate. No real object of charity ever appealed to him in vain. Nor did he publish it on the house-tops when he aided the dis-

tressed. It comes within my knowledge that so generous was he in this regard that he was often imposed upon.

I have briefly spoken of him as a business man, as a citizen, a soldier, attorney, and legislator. What shall be said of him as a husband and father? Nothing can be said in too much praise. In 1861 he married Miss Harriet Choice, of Spartanburg, a young lady of beauty, common sense, and rare accomplishments, who survives to care for their many promising children. Every one who ever saw Colonel EVINS in the bosom of his family always felt happier himself at beholding the unalloyed happiness of that household. His bright children were treated as companions, as all children should be treated by parents, so as to possess their confidence and affection, instead of being held at a distance in rebellious awe. His adored wife was habitually consulted about great as well as small things. Her opinion frequently overruled his own.

When husband and wife have lived together long and happily it is a beautiful provision of nature that they love each other better and better as old age comes on. Especially does the good husband seem to think, as his wife's beauty fades, that she actually grows handsomer and wiser, until finally he learns to look up to her and lean upon her, or rather to honor and obey her almost as a mother. This was charmingly illustrated in the married life of Colonel EVINS.

And here, Mr. Speaker, let us pause for a moment to contemplate the sudden, the extreme, the startling changes from prosperity to adversity, from happiness to misery, that beset humanity. Less than two years ago JOHN H. EVINS was a trusted member of this House, in full possession of the confidence and esteem of his admiring constituents, with a fair prospect of higher honors in store for him. He seemed to be in good health, and was blessed with a happy family, a devoted wife, promising children, troops of friends, prosperous business, and a bright, enduring future appeared assured to him and his. But what a contrast between then and now. He in the grave, his wife a widow, his children orphans. Man, indeed, vibrates like a "pendulum between a smile and a tear," and the uncertainty toward which side his fate will swing

creates such an undefinable dread of the future even in the happiest and most prosperous moments that every one admits—

> Life is all a mist,
> And in the dark our fortunes meet us.

To crown Colonel EVINS's well-balanced and well-rounded character, he was a sincere Christian, an unfaltering believer in the Presbyterianism of his fathers. But while he adhered tenaciously to the stern doctrine of predestination, he never confounded the acts of will with acts of fate, and regarded free agency as the only means of self-redemption. Nor was there any touch of bigotry in his nature. He believed, as our free Constitution provides, that religion is an affair between man and his God, and that—

> If a man's belief is bad,
> It will not be improved by burning.

To speak naught but truth of the living and only good of the dead are golden precepts that have come down to us from antiquity. When Colonel EVINS was living nothing dishonest or dishonorable was ever charged against him, although he was a fast friend and an open foe. One of the noblest traits in his admirable character was that he never would under any circumstances permit an absent friend to be slandered in his presence. As nothing ill could be said of him in the flesh, of course nothing but good can be spoken of him in the grave. So if he were brought to trial instead of eulogy, as the Egyptians used to try their dead, no prosecutor could appear against him. What a proud epitaph, yet literally true.

And how did he die? Calmly and resignedly, as every brave, honest man should die, without cowardly repining or vain ostentation. The land of shadows had no terrors for him, because he knew he had to journey through it, and as he had done all the good his means would allow, and as little harm as the frailty of the flesh would permit, he felt that he had no cause to dread the hereafter.

I move the adoption of the resolutions offered by my colleague.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted; and in accordance therewith the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
January 21, 1885.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Clark, its Clerk, communicating to the Senate the resolutions of the House on the announcement of the death of Hon. JOHN H. EVINS, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Mr. HAMPTON. Mr. President, I ask that the action of the House be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Cockrell in the chair). The Chair will lay before the Senate a message from the House of Representatives.

The chief clerk read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
January 20, 1885.

Resolved, That this House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN H. EVINS, late a Representative from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the House shall, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. HAMPTON. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk to be read.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from South Carolina presents resolutions, which will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN H. EVINS, late a member of the House of Representatives from South Carolina.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the Senate shall, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, adjourn.

Address of Mr. HAMPTON, of South Carolina.

It has been established by long custom that when one of our associates in the legislative branch of the Government falls at his post of duty we pause for a time from our daily routine of work to pay a proper tribute of respect to his memory. This time-honored custom, which had its origin in the tenderest and noblest instincts of humanity, has been consecrated to us by many and sad precedents. The Senate has just done becoming honor to the memory of one who was, when living, its oldest member, one of its most honored and now one of its most lamented. To-day, the other branch of Congress, by the resolutions just read, tells us that death has again invaded its Halls, and stricken down one of its most useful, honored, and beloved members, JOHN H. EVINS, of South Carolina.

As a Senator from the State which now mourns the loss of one of her truest and most devoted sons, it becomes my painful duty to take official action here touching his death. As he was a very close and dear friend, this duty is rendered doubly painful; but, sir, that pain is greatly alleviated by the fact that the best, the highest eulogy that could be pronounced upon him is to speak of him not in the mere conventional terms of panegyric, but in the calm and sober language of truth. The record of his upright and unblemished life, from his youth to its close, gives the strongest evidence of the integrity of his character, and the manner of his death proved the sincerity of his faith as a Christian.

JOHN HAMILTON EVINS was born in Spartanburg district on the 18th July, 1830, of honorable and pious parents, who, besides affording him ample means for a liberal education, taught him early, a lesson he never forgot, that higher and better knowledge, the fear of the Lord. Graduating at the South Carolina College in 1853, he studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1856, and soon achieved a high and honorable reputation in his profession. During the war he served in the Confederate army with conspicuous gal-

lantry, receiving a severe wound, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered. While detained at home by this wound he represented his district for two sessions in the legislature with the conscientious fidelity that marked his discharge of every public trust.

In 1876 he was elected a member of Congress from the fourth Congressional district in South Carolina, and he was re-elected for three successive terms, on each occasion by a large majority. At the last election he declined to become a candidate, as his health had failed, and he realized even then that the shadow of death was over him, for his physicians held out to him no hope of recovery. He bore their verdict dooming him to an early death with the heroic fortitude of a soldier and the sublime resignation of a Christian. His sufferings were great and constant, but he never murmured nor repined, and with everything to make him cling to life he resolutely looked death in the face, feeling a confident hope he had so lived on earth that life eternal would be his in Heaven.

On the 20th of October last, without one pang, without one struggle, he was summoned to his final rest, respected, honored, loved, and lamented, not alone by his immediate constituents but by our whole State.

Such, Mr. President, is the brief, simple narrative of a life unmarked by any strange or great events, but which has left an impress for good on every one associated with it. It is in this aspect that I regard the career of Colonel EVINS as so noteworthy and so exemplary, and it is for this reason that I have dwelt more largely on his marked moral qualities than on his intellectual. But I by no means underrate his attainments and his ability, for these were of a high order. He was an able lawyer, an admirable Representative in Congress, a cultivated gentleman, and a wise counselor. In every position he was called on to fill he brought to its discharge a well-trained, vigorous intellect, and an ever-present sense of duty. Thus it was that his influence was always widely felt, and beneficently exercised.

It seems to me, Mr. President, that the example left by such a life and the lesson taught by it are of higher value to the world

than all the earthly prizes that ambition, wealth, power, place can win. These latter may for a time sway mankind, but in the balance held by the hand of the Great Judge at the last day they will weigh but as a feather against integrity, virtue, and piety. All these noble attributes of character were possessed in an eminent degree by the subject of this imperfect sketch, and he surely could have exclaimed triumphantly and exultingly when called to meet his God—

O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?

Address of Mr. FRYE, of Maine.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Having been a member of the House of Representatives in the Forty-sixth Congress, and having then an acquaintance pleasant and agreeable with Mr. EVINS, I do not feel at liberty to allow this occasion to pass without paying a brief tribute to his memory.

I recall without difficulty the first time I ever saw him. It was on the Sabbath day in a crowded church. I saw a face loving, gentle, and without any weakness in it; and it so attracted me that I inquired as to its owner, and found it to be Mr. EVINS. Subsequent acquaintance with him only justified to me that face as the index of his character.

Mr. EVINS, of course, was not conspicuous in debate in the Forty-sixth Congress. Senators know well that in that brief term of service, even with the highest genius for debate, he could not be. And he was not in any sense a wrangler, and he could not be, for his spirit was never disputatious. He did not force himself to the front, and he could not, because he was as modest as a girl. And yet, sir, he had that strength of character and that acquirement which would have made him conspicuous and prominent in public life or anywhere in time. He had thorough culture, undaunted courage, earnest devotion to principle and duty, quick perception, and a profound sense of responsibility to God and man. He added to an attractive face accomplishments and graces unusual to men in act-

ive, stirring life—agreeable manners and a warm, social nature. But, sir, he had what seems to me greater and better than them all—he was a devoted, sincere, earnest Christian man. I see from the records of the Spartanburg Presbyterian church, in his own State, this:

On the 4th July, 1867, his membership was transferred to this church, and on the 28th of the same month he was ordained to the deaconship. He continued to serve in this office until promoted by the unanimous voice of the congregation to the eldership, to which he was ordained November 13, 1870. He was also superintendent of the Sabbath school from 1868 until he entered Congress in 1877.

Mr. President, it is easy for men in public life, I care not how eminent they may be, to gracefully acquiesce in the fundamental doctrines of the Bible and to talk eloquently of the glories of a blessed immortality to come; but to lead in the midst of the cares and perplexities and enticements and allurements and distractions of public life a lowly, devoted, practical Christian life,

Hoc opus, hic labor est.

Yet, Mr. President, I have reason to believe that from the day Mr. EVINS entered upon his public life here in Congress up to its close he did so walk day by day. He deliberately chose the straight and narrow way, and walked directly toward the goal without swerving to the right or to the left. I believe, sir, that Mr. EVINS dying could say with Paul in chains at Rome, "I have fought the fight; I have kept the faith." I believe, sir, that Mr. EVINS dying could say, "I know there is a crown prepared for me." And now he knows it; he wears it.

Mr. President, may the gracious, loving God temper this heavy but kindly blow to his wife and to his children.

Address of Mr. BUTLER, of South Carolina.

Mr. PRESIDENT, I might safely leave the character of the lamented EVINS where his eulogist and his own unblemished life left it, without stain and without reproach, but a duty of earnest friendship apart from official courtesy and custom requires that I add

my contribution, imperfect as it is, to the words of praise so generously and justly bestowed upon him.

South Carolina never had a more devoted son than JOHN H. EVINS, nor popular Government a more faithful advocate. The people never had a champion more honest, more courageous, nor this Congress a member more respected for his public and private worth. I knew him intimately for more than a quarter of a century from his early manhood—and there was not much difference in our years—as a friend, citizen, lawyer, soldier, representative of the people; in every relation of life, and can therefore speak advisedly and accurately of him. It was our fortune to be born in the same region of country, the Piedmont belt of South Carolina. The first horizon that greeted our visions was fringed by the same range of mountains, as lovely and picturesque as ever graced the outlines of nature.

He preceded me in the same college but a few years. We entered the Confederate armies almost simultaneously, although in different arms of that service. It was our fortune to come upon the arena of national politics about the same time, and here to cultivate relations of the closest personal and political friendship. I knew him, therefore, as few men knew him, and venture to affirm that in the eloquent tributes just paid to his memory in this Chamber and in the other Hall of Congress which he adorned so long and ably, there is not one word of hyperbole or extravagant encomium. He well deserves all that has been so gracefully said of him, and I only wish that in closing these mournful ceremonies of respect to his memory in this the highest forum which an American citizen may enter, I could command language worthy of his exalted character.

I do not know that I need say more of his public life than that he was faithful to every public trust committed to his care. He held the conscientious discharge of every public duty above personal or private considerations. In his public conduct he was honest, he was direct, he was courageous and truthful, he was always true to his constituents, and above all true to himself. There was nothing of the charlatan or demagogue in his nature. He was

modest, conservative, considerate, and deferential. He was careful and painstaking, and when he made up his opinion he maintained it with independence, courage, and ability. His judgment was sound, and his intellectural methods were as honest and straightforward as the impulses of his heart were generous. He was well educated and well informed, but did not aspire to the plane of what is known as scholarship or genius. He did not sacrifice the practical to the ideal, nor the real to the theoretical, the substance to the form, and, therefore, was a safe counselor and judicious leader, an able, conscientious representative.

What higher praise, Mr. President, can be conferred upon any public man. What more need be said to embalm his memory in the grateful hearts of his countrymen and establish him as an exemplar to those who come after him. This is my estimate of the man, sincerely entertained. True, something must be allowed to the partialities of friendship on occasions like this, to the license of rhetoric, to the flow of eulogy, and to that inclination of the human heart to speak nothing of the dead except what is good, but, sir, I invoke with confidence the voice of his people to sanction these words in behalf of this distinguished citizen of their State. They are truthful and just; would they could be said of every public servant who assumes a trust for the people. Mr. EVINS was as free from the sordid vices of our nature as the best of his race. He was wonderfully circumspect in his private life, and I believe sincerely and conscientiously true to his profession of the Christian religion. He made no sanctimonious parade, but walked modestly in the fear of God and lived up to his convictions. The duties of life were dearer to him than life itself.

When he was first stricken with the disease that proved fatal to his life, I well remember how earnestly I urged him to leave the capricious winter climate of Washington and seek relief in the mild outdoor atmosphere of Florida, where he could successfully combat the inroads of disease on his vigorous constitution by calling to his assistance not only the curative powers of art and science but the endless resources of kindly nature. In response to my importunities he said his duty required him to remain at his post, and he

did and died. Possibly the time allotted him on earth was about to expire, and the change may not have arrested his malady. Of this no one had knowledge, save the God who made him. But I refer to this incident to further illustrate what manner of man he was. It was characteristic of him, and the recital will not surprise those who knew him best.

Military heroes who give up their lives in the flush and excitement and glamour of battle are sustained in the discharge of duty by the rush and conflict of physical forces, the hope of earthly glory and renown, and they are generally bestowed; but the man who stands by his post in the civil walks of life, dying inches by inches, has nothing to sustain him but that high sense of duty, the essence of which true heroes are made. To this class Mr. EVINS properly belonged, and such will be the verdict of his countrymen.

Nothing now remains for me, Mr. President, but to move the adoption of the resolutions before the Senate, which I do with the mournful satisfaction that they have given me the opportunity to pay this sincere but inadequate tribute to the memory of one of the best of men, and that they express, as I believe, the sentiments of his associates and friends.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Will the Senate agree to the resolutions?

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously; and the Senate adjourned.